Acadian Ballads and Lyrics In Many Moods

Arthur Wentworth Hamilton Eaton

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To Bessie DeWolfe

With affectionate remembrance

of old times,

from Arthur Wentworth Hamilton Eaton

Boston

Easter

1930

PRELUDE

The vaulted chambers of the poet's brain
Are peopled by a restless throng who beat
Bewildering music, sometimes low and sweet,
Sometimes a loud wild-resonant refrain.

There glide soft-sheeted ghosts of long spent years,
Sweet, sensuous loves of youth that lived an hour,
Hope's phantom forms, delicious dreams of power,
When all the world was new, and later fears

Entangled not the boy's swift-flying feet.
Beneath the dim unearthly arches hide
Odors from far-off flowers, and there abide
The mother songs that childhood's ears first greet.

OTHER WRITINGS BY DR. EATON

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Acadian Legends and Lyrics . . .	1889
The Church of England in Nova Scotia and the Tory Clergy of the Revolution .	1891
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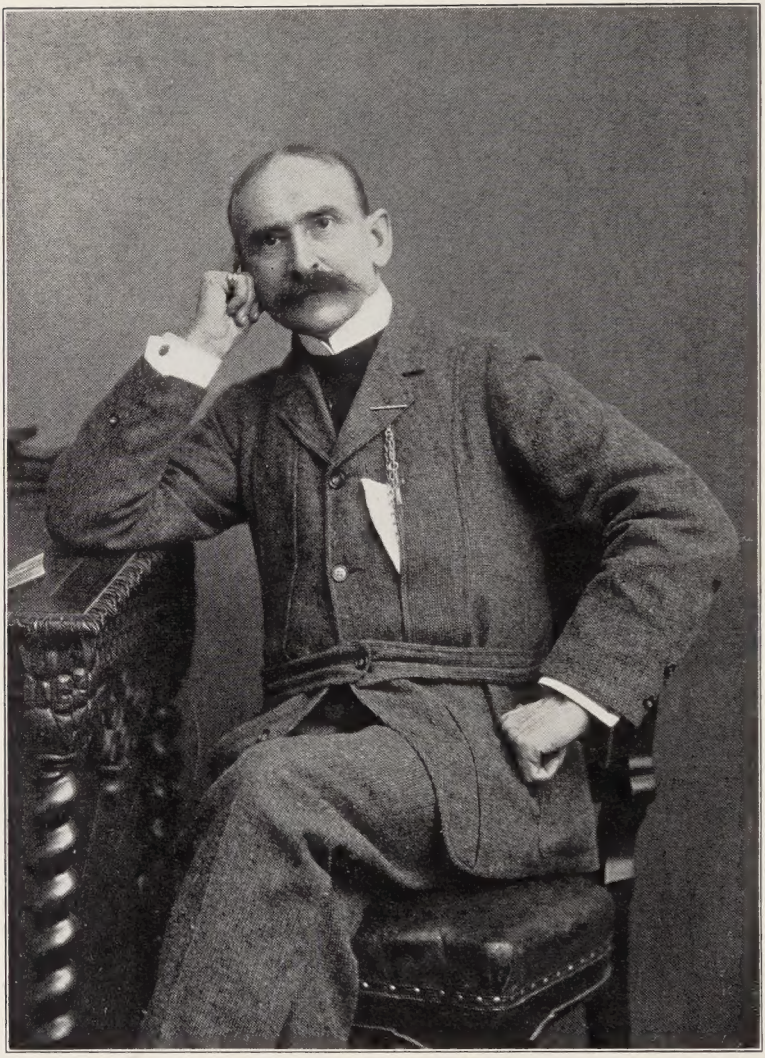

Arthur Wentworth Hamilton Eaton

ACADIAN BALLADS AND LYRICS IN MANY MOODS

COLLECTED POEMS OF

Arthur Wentworth Hamilton Eaton

McCLELLAND, STEWART & COMPANY
TORONTO AND BOSTON
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By Arthur Wentworth Hamilton Eaton

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I DEDICATE THIS VOLUME OF MY
COLLECTED VERSE WITH SINCERE
REGARD AND DEEP AFFECTION
TO MY COUSIN

CYRUS STEPHEN EATON

DISTINGUISHED NOT ONLY FOR HIS
GREAT GENIUS IN FINANCE, BUT
QUITE AS MUCH FOR HIS
DELIGHTFUL PERSONALITY
AND HIS SCHOLARLY
TASTES

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PREFACE

The two chief provinces in North America owned and administered by France before the fall of Quebec brought to a close French rule on the North American continent were Acadia and Canada. Acadia comprised the two maritime provinces of Nova Scotia and what is now New Brunswick and a certain portion of the state of Maine; Canada, of course, comprised Quebec and Ontario, while the formidable French fortress of Louisburg was located on the Island of Cape Breton, a smaller possession of France, not part of Acadia but lying near its shores. As is well known, however, Cape Breton, with the historic ruins of its famous French fort, has for many years now been part of the Province of Nova Scotia and is one of the most fascinating parts of this famous maritime province, its scenery especially along its great inland sea, the Bras D'or Lake, thrilling all tourists with its surpassing beauty. The capital of Acadia was the quiet hamlet of Port Royal, now Annapolis Royal, at the head of the beautiful Annapolis Basin, with a small fort of its own, which has had an eventful and picturesque history, and as one of the most historic military sites on the continent of America is now carefully protected by the Canadian Government and is under the efficient care of a custodian, who

in the interior of what remains of the fort has enthusiastically gathered an interesting collection of historical relics of the French period of Nova Scotia and of a later time. The poems in this volume to which I have given the general name *Acadian Ballads*, have as their subjects chiefly events that occurred in or incidents that belong to the time between the beginning of the settlement of Acadia from France in 1604 and the capture of Port Royal by New England troops in 1710, which event brought this French province finally under English rule, but they likewise include a few that belong to a later time, the period immediately after the expulsion of the Acadians in the year 1755, and the resettlement of Acadia under its new name Nova Scotia, from Massachusetts, Eastern Connecticut, and Rhode Island, in 1760 and 1761. This last remarkable event, for it marks the first considerable expansion of the English population of New England beyond its original borders, I have commemorated in my ballad in this volume entitled *Puritan Planters*. The name *Acadia*, it must never be forgotten, though similar in appearance to the Greek *Arcadia*, has no relation whatever to the historic poetical Greek name. The proper names I have introduced into my ballads, Biencourt, Poutrincourt, De Monts, La Tour, for example, are all historic names illustrious in Acadian history.

In various prose historical works on Acadia, such as Francis Parkman's famous *Montcalm and Wolfe*, the chief events in the history of Acadia have been interestingly told, and in this connection I may properly mention my own volume, *The History of King's County*,

Nova Scotia, Heart of the Acadian Land, published in Salem, Massachusetts, in 1910.

That a few of my ballads in this volume relate rather to the aborigines of Nova Scotia, the Algonquin Micmac Indians, than strictly to the French or the English, is due to the close friendship the French Acadian settlers early formed with the Micmacs, and the picturesqueness of the legends of these aboriginal people whom the French explorers who founded Acadia found in nomadic occupancy of the land. Of the legends of these primitive people, Charles G. Leland and others, notably the Rev. Dr. Silas Tertius Rand, an eminent scholar of King's County, Nova Scotia, have interestingly written, hence not only my *Baptism of Membertou* in this volume but my *Legend of Glooscap*, and my *Departure of Glooscap*, the mythical Micmac semi-divinity, who long roamed the forests of Acadia and left his name permanently attached to Acadian headlands and mountains and capes and bays.

Arthur Wentworth Hamilton Eaton.

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PART I

ACADIAN BALLADS

BALLAD OF THE GASPEREAU

Now the rainbow tints of autumn
Deck the ancient hills
And the dreamy river saunters
Past the lazy mills,
Let us seek the murmuring forest
Where the pines and hemlocks grow
And a thousand fringèd shadows
Fall upon the Gaspereau.

When the first Acadian farmers
Sailing up the Bay
Landed with their goods and cattle
On the fair Grand Pré,
Wandering through the ancient forest,
Claude, René, and Theriot,
In a vale of wondrous beauty,
Found the River Gaspereau.

Found the simple-hearted Micmac
In his birch canoe
Paddling down his *Magapskegechk*
To the Basin blue,
Little dreaming of the presence
Of the Indian's pale-faced foe,
Singing unmelodious boat songs
On the winding Gaspereau.

Midst the brushwood and the rushes
And the trembling ferns,
Where the river sighing, singing,
Speeds with many turns
Through the gateway of the mountain
Toward the meadow far below,
On they crept in silent wonder
By the sun-kissed Gaspereau.

In these days of dream and legend,
Life all fresh and new,
Even humble Norman peasants
Into poets grew,
From their roaming in the forest
Claude, René, and Theriot
Brought their comrades magic stories
Of the vale of Gaspereau.

Many a summer when the plowing
In the fields was done,
And the busy looms were growing
Silent one by one,
Lovers in the mellow moonlight
From the travelled streets below
Sought the path across the meadow
To the banks of Gaspereau.

When there came some loss or sorrow
To the little band,
When the dykes broke or the crops failed
In the Acadian land,

Many a tired wife and mother
In the silver twilight glow
Sought relief from dark foreboding
By the peaceful Gaspereau.

Vanished are the Acadian peasants,
Sweet Evangeline,
Gabriel, Benedict, and Basil,
And no sadder scene
Ever gave itself to story
Than that scene of wreck and woe
When the Boston ships weighed anchor
At the mouth of Gaspereau.

Still it flows among the meadows
Singing as of yore
To the trailing ferns and mosses
On the winding shore,
To the pines that dip their branches
In the crystal wave below,
And the crimson leaves of autumn
Falling in the Gaspereau.

POUTRINCOURT'S RETURN TO PORT ROYAL

July, 1606

The western world, unclaimed and free,
  A trackless forest lay,
Of dark pines by the polar sea,
  Of palms by Tampa Bay.

Beneath the sheltering woods of Maine
  A few French graves were seen,
And one lone flag, the flag of Spain,
  Waved o'er St. Augustine,

When up Port Royal's basin blue,
  Before the freshening breeze,
A ship whose weather-beaten crew
  Had long sailed stormier seas.

Beyond the narrow ocean door,
  Rough-rolling Fundy lay,
But Fundy's fiercest tides forebore
  To enter this calm bay.

The red-coned, resinous-raftered pines
  The rocky heights o'erhung
And down the laurel-starred inclines
  The elms thick shadows flung,

Wild blossoms, scarlet, blue and gold
  Spread colour everywhere
And tiny throats sweet love-tales told
  July's soft, sensuous air.

Across the Atlantic lonely, vast
  An almost untrod sea
Proud Poutrincourt has come at last
  With his mixed company;

Enraptured to the decks they press,
  Hope in their hearts so strong,
That some tell out their happiness
  In strains of Breton song.

Here lies Port Royal; here Champlain
  And venturous Pontgravé
Have made in Poutrincourt's domain
  A long, delightful stay;

And here at last in safety dwell,
  Once more attuned to joy,
The broken band whose comrades fell
  At sorrowful St. Croix.

Some on the Bay are voyaging,
  But some run down the shore
And make the woods with welcome ring
  To valiant Poutrincourt.

The Micmacs, too, the strangers pale
With friendly gestures greet,
And round the ship delighted sail
Their mimic birchen fleet.

At last into the harbour green
A little sloop rides gay
And soon beside her mast are seen
Champlain and Pontgravé;

Then while the Bourbon lilies meet
The wind in glad caress,
Stout-hearted men each other greet
With yearning tenderness.

Thus rose in clear Acadian skies
Port Royal's peaceful star,
No Spanish conqueror's cruelties
Her earliest annals mar.

Though warlike men in later days
Laid waste the lovely shore,
Acadia's patriot sons must praise
The valourous Poutrincourt,

Who builded near this Harbour's mouth,
Above the meadows green,
The oldest town from North to South
Save quaint St. Augustine.

L'ORDRE DE BON TEMPS.

Two hundred years ago and more
In History's romance,
The white flag of the Bourbons flew
From all the gates of France.

And even on these wild Western shores,
Rock-clad and forest-mailed,
The Bourbon name, King Henry's fame
With "Vive le Roi" was hailed.

O "Vive le Roi!" and "Vive le Roi!"
Those wild adventurous days
When brave Champlain and Poutrincourt
Explored the Acadian bays.

When from Port Royal's rude-built walls
Gleamed o'er the hills afar
The golden lilies of the shield
Of Henry of Navarre.

A gay and gallant company
Those voyagers of old
Whose life in the Acadian fort
Lescarbot's verse has told.

Their "Order of Good Times" was formed
For mirth and mutual cheer;
And many a tale and many a song
Beguiled that winter drear.

Aye, while the snow lay softly o'er
The meadows crisp and bare,
And hooded all the clustering hills
Like nuns of Saint-Hilaire,

Each day they spread a goodly feast
Not anywise too poor
For cafés of the nobles in
The famous Rue Aux Ours.

And as the old French clock rang out,
With echoes musical,
Twelve silvery strokes, the hour of noon,
Through the pine-scented hall,

The Master of the Order came
To serve each hungry guest,
A napkin o'er his shoulder thrown,
And flashing on his breast,

A collar decked with diamonds,
Fair pearls, turquoises blue;
While close behind in warrior dress
Walked old chief Membertou.

Then wine went round and friends were pledged,
With gracious courtesy,
And ne'er was heard one longing word
For France beyond the sea.

O days of bold adventure past,
O gay, adventurous men,
Your "Order of Good Times" I think
Shall ne'er be seen again!

THE BAPTISM OF MEMBERTOU

"Out of the fort" comes the word of command
"Shoreward good comrades of Poutrincourt's band!"
Wide swings the gate in the earth-bastioned wall,
No one delays, save the guard, at the call.

Look o'er the Basin as far as you may,
Not a sail flecks the horizon today,
Not a sound ruffles the still air of June
Save the soft swish of the tide at high noon.

Forth from their palisade wigwams of pine,
Silently marching in slow single line,
Dressed in loose deerskin and gay wampum gear
Dark-feathered sons of the forest appear

Grouped on the sward at the friar's right hand
Round aged Membertou, Chief of the band,
Wondering, expectant the Indians kneel,
Waiting religion's high symbol and seal.

Eastward the river, lethargic and dun,
Basks like a snake in the blaze of the sun,
Southward the forest, an ocean of green,
Rolls its luxuriant waves from the scene.

Suddenly sounds from the guard on the wall
One silver bugle-blast, and at the call
Josué Fleche, the spare Recollet priest,
Piously crossing himself to the east,

Chants in good Latin faith's formula old,
Said through the ages by millions untold;
Making the sign of the Christian belief
First he baptizes the gray-headed Chief.

Then to the tribe-fathers, twenty or more,
Gives the blest rite, while away from the shore
To the edge of the pine-woods, untravelled and dim,
Echo the strains of the Church's grand hymn —

"Te Deum laudamus," sing soldier and priest,
"The world doth adore Thee, the west like the east,
Acadia's children with angels on high
Henceforth to the Son of the Virgin shall cry."

This was the New World's first triumph for God,
Here on Port Royal's fresh-burgeoning sod
Poutrincourt's pioneer band ushered in
Christian beliefs and the conquest of sin.

THE LEGEND OF GLOOSCAP

Baring its breast to the sun as of yore
Lieth the peaceful Acadian shore;
Fertile and fair, in the dew and the rain,
Ripen its fields of golden grain.

Like a sabred sentinel grim and gray
Blomidon stands at the head of the Bay,
And the famous Fundy tides at will
Sweep into Minas Basin still.

From its home in the hills the Gaspereau
Sings as it strays to the sea below,
Wanders on till it wakes in the tide
A muddy river, deep and wide.

Here at the edge of the ancient wood
Is the spot where Basil's smithy stood;
Close to these clustering willows green
Was the home of the sweet Evangeline.

This is the old Acadian shore
Prized by the poet more and more
As he lives in the loves and hopes, and hears
Silvery strains from the silent years.

Long ere the Frenchmen drove away
The cruel tides from the fair Grand Pré,
And bound the dykes like emerald bands
Round the Acadian meadow lands,

The Micmac sailed in his birch canoe
Over the Basin calm and blue,
With salmon spear to the lakeside crept,
Then in his wigwam lay and slept.

Far in the depths of the forest gray
Hunted the moose the livelong day;
While the Micmac mother crooned to her child
Forest folk-songs weird and wild.

Over the tribe with jealous eye
Watched the Great Spirit from on high;
In the purple mists of Blomidon
The god-man Glooscap had his throne.

No matter how far his feet might stray
From the favorite haunts of his tribe away,
The Micmac's cry of faith or fear
Failed not to find his Glooscap's ear.

'Twas he who had made for the Indian's use
Beaver and bear, and sent the moose
Roaming over the wild woodlands;
He who had strewn upon the sands

Of the tide-swept shore of the stormy bay
Amethysts purple, and agates gray;
And into the heart of love had flung
That which keeps love ever young.

Then the Frenchmen came, a thrifty band,
Who felled the forest and sowed the land,
And drove from their haunts by the sunny shore
Micmac and moose forevermore.

And Glooscap the god-man sore distrest,
Hid himself in the unknown West,
And the Micmac kindled his wigwam fire
Far from the grave of his child and his sire,

Where now as he weaves his basket gay,
And paddles his birch canoe away,
He dreams of the happy time for men
When Glooscap shall come to his tribe again.

THE DEPARTURE OF GLOOSCAP

Long ago before the Frenchman
Stemmed the mighty tides of Fundy,
Steered his bark to Minas Basin,
    Blue and peaceful as to-day;
Long before the workman's hammer
Rang its busy strokes at morning
On the rude walls of the cabin
    Rising near the wide Grand Pré,

Glooscap left his loving subjects,
Bade farewell to Megumaage,
Holding first a parting banquet
    On the Minas Basin shore;
Thither came the wolves and beavers,
Came the martens and the foxes
And the white owls and the turtles
    And the loons and many more.

And they feasted long, but sadly,
Till a gleam of silver moonlight,
Shooting o'er the silent water,
    Lighted frowning Blomidon.
Then uprose the mighty Glooscap,
Left the feast, and moving swiftly
As the West Wind when it travels
    Through the giant pines alone,

Bade the tide return to seaward,
Pushed his great canoe upon it,
Glided off upon the Basin,
Singing sadly as he went;
And the people of the forest,
All the wolves and bears and beavers,
Listening to the song of Glooscap,
Gazed in anxious wonderment.

Till his voice grew faint and fainter,
And the water of the Basin
Rippling in the silver moonlight
Was the only sound they heard.
Then the wolves and bears and beavers,
Who till now had all been brothers,
Lost the gift of common language,
And no longer beast and bird

Lived in peace in Megumaage,
But with hatred of each other
Fled into the darkest forest
Where the wild *menichkul* grow,
And the great white-owl in anguish
Wailed "koo-koo-shoes"! I am sorry,
And the loons beloved of Glooscap
Uttered shrill wild notes of woe.

There was wailing in the forest,
There were sobs among the pine boughs,
Lamentations deep and dreadful
From the oak trees on the hills;

All the flowers with choking voices
Told their sorrow to each other,
Mournful sang Seboo, the river,
And the little laughing rills.

So he left them, mighty Glooscap,
And they tell us he is making
Arrows in his lofty wigwam
Far beyond the setting sun,
Arrows of the birch and poplar
For some dreadful day of battle,
When the Micmac's foes shall perish
And his wanderings be done.

And they tell us some have found him,
After seven years of seeking,
In the forests of the sunset
Where there dwell no Micmac men;
They have feasted in his wigwam,
Where he lives in peace and plenty,
And have heard his faithful promise
That he shall return again.

L'ILE SAINTE CROIX

[Where the first French settlement in America was made.]

With tangled brushwood all o'ergrown,
  And here and there a lofty pine,
  Around whose form strange creepers twine,
And crags that mock the wild sea's moan;

And little bays where no ships come,
  Though many a white sail passes by,
  And many a white cloud in the sky
Looks down and shames the sleeping foam,

Unconscious on the waves it lies,
  While, midst the golden reeds and sedge
  That, southward, line the water's edge,
The thrush sings her sharp melodies.

No human dwelling now is seen
  Upon its rude, unfertile slopes,
  Though many a summer traveller gropes
For ruins midst the tangled green;

And seeks upon the northern shore
  The graves of the adventurous band
  That followed to this western land
Champlain, De Monts, and Poutrincourt.

There stood the ancient fort that sent
  Fierce cannon echoes through the wold,
  There waved the Bourbon flag that told
The mastery of a continent.

There through the pines the echoing wail
  Of ghostly winds was heard at eve,
  And hoarse, deep sounds like those that heave
The breasts of stricken warriors pale.

There Huguenots and cassocked priests,
  And noble-born and sons of toil,
  Together worked the barren soil,
And shared each other's frugal feasts;

And heard across the sailless sea
  A strange, prophetic harvest tune,
  And saw beneath the yellow moon
The golden reapings that should be.

Till stealthy winter through the reeds
  Crept, crystal-footed, to the shore,
  And to the little hamlet bore
His hidden freight of deadly seeds.

Spring came at last, and o'er the waves
  The welcome sail of Pontgravé;
  But half the number silent lay,
Death's pale first-fruits, in western graves.

Sing on, wild sea, your sad refrain,
For all the gallant sons of France,
Whose songs and sufferings enhance
The romance of the western main!

Sing requiems to these tangled woods,
With ruined forts and hidden graves,
Your mournful music history craves
For many of her noblest moods.

THE PHANTOM LIGHT OF THE BAIE DES CHALEURS

'Tis the laughter of pines that swing and sway
Where the breeze from the land meets the breeze from
the bay,
'Tis the silvery foam of the silver tide
In ripples that reach to the forest side;
'Tis the fisherman's boat, in a track of sheen,
Plying through tangled seaweed green,
O'er the Baie des Chaleurs.

Who has not heard of the phantom light
That over the moaning waves at night
Dances and drifts in endless play,
Close to the shore, then far away,
Fierce as the flame in sunset skies,
Cold as the winter light that lies
On the Baie des Chaleurs.

They tell us that many a year ago,
From lands where the palm and the olive grow,
Where vines with their purple clusters creep
Over the hillsides gray and steep,
A knight in his doublet, slashed with gold,
Famed, in that chivalrous time of old,
For valorous deeds and courage rare,
Sailed with a princess wondrous fair
To the Baie des Chaleurs.

That a pirate crew from some isle of the sea,
A murderous band as e'er could be,
With a shadowy sail, and a flag of night,
That flaunted and flew in heaven's sight,
Sailed in the wake of the lovers there,
And sank the ship and its freight so fair
In the Baie des Chaleurs.

Strange is the tale that the fishermen tell;
They say that a ball of fire fell
Straight from the sky, with crash and roar,
Lighting the bay from shore to shore;
Then the ship, with a shudder and a groan,
Sank through the waves to the caverns lone
Of the Baie des Chaleurs.

That was the last of the pirate crew;
But many a night a black flag flew
From the mast of a spectre vessel, sailed
By a spectre band that wept and wailed
For the wreck they had wrought on the sea, on the land,
For the innocent blood they had spilt on the sand
Of the Baie des Chaleurs.

This is the tale of the phantom light
That fills the mariner's heart at night
With dread as it gleams o'er his path on the bay,
Now by the shore, then far away,
Fierce as the flame in sunset skies,
Cold as the winter moon that lies
On the Baie des Chaleurs.

DE SOTO'S LAST DREAM

On a shadowy plain where cypress groves
And spreading palm trees rise,
And the antlered deer, swift-footed, roves,
The brave De Soto lies.

They have made him a bed, where overhead
The trailing moss entwines
With the leaves of the campion flower red
And gleaming ivy vines.

Over his fevered forehead creeps,
From the cedar branches high,
The wind that sleeps in the liquid deeps
Of the changeless southern sky.

And the Mississippi's turbid tide,
Broad and free, flows past,
Like the current wide, on which men glide
To another ocean vast.

He dreams of the days in sunny Spain
When heart and hope were strong,
And he hears again, on the trackless main,
The sound of the sailor's song.

Now, with the fierce Pizarro's band,
To wield the sword anew,
He takes command on the golden sand
Of the shores of proud Peru.

And northward now, from Tampa Bay,
With glittering spear and lance,
With pennons gay, and horses' neigh,
His cohorts brave advance.

Again, as the glittering dawn awakes
From its dreams of purple mist,
By the stoléd priests he kneels and takes
The holy eucharist.

And the echoing woods and boundless skies
Are hushed to soft content,
As the strains of the old Te Deum rise
On a new continent.

Again he sees in the thicket damp,
By the light of a ghastly moon,
The crocodile, foul from his native swamp,
Plunge in the dark lagoon.

Again, o'er the wild savannas flee,
From his feet, the frightened deer,
And the curlews scream, from tree to tree,
Discordant notes of fear.

From deep magnolia woods abloom
And orange thickets white,
Drunk with the sensuous perfume,
Shrill mocking birds take flight.

And calm in the depths of her silken nest,
Embowered in softest green,
With scarlet breast and golden crest,
The wild macaw is seen.

In the waving grass, on yucca spires,
Near flowers of pallid hue
Are born the erythrina's fires,
And the starry nixia's blue.

The rich gordonia blossom swells
Where the brooklet ripples by,
And silvery white halesia bells
Reflect the cloudless sky.

And graceful southern mosses brown
With gleaming ivies twine,
And heavy purple blooms weigh down
The dark wistaria vine.

Now on his bold Castilian band
The native warriors press,
From their haunts in the trackless prairie land
And the unknown wilderness;

And the flame he has kindled gleams again
On his sword of trusty steel,
As he burns, midst the yells of savage men,
Their village of Mobile.

* * * * * *

Like the look of triumph o'er victories won
That dying conquerors wore,
Or the light that bursts from the setting sun
On some cold, craggy shore,

The fire of hope lights up anew
The brave adventurer's brow,
A roseate flash, then death's dull hue,
And his dream is over now.

So, on the plain where cypress groves
And spreading palm trees rise,
And the antlered deer, swift-footed, roves,
The brave De Soto dies.

LA TOUR AND BIENCOURT

When Henry of Navarre was king
The muse would sometimes lure
The gay Lescarbot's lips to sing
In praise of Poutrincourt.

My muse commands me shrine the names
In sympathetic lay
Of two sweet youths, whose friendship claims
Fond thoughts from us alway.

From France light-heartedly they sailed,
Youngest of all the band
Whose fortunes ruddier grew or paled
In the Acadian land.

Here their fresh lives enlinked as one
And love's rich fruitage bore,
No sweeter friendship 'neath the sun
Than Biencourt's with La Tour.

They trod the strand of purple bays,
Explored the forest's deep,
Canoed the dark-pooled waterways
Where salmon plunge and leap,

Welcomed the first faint flush of spring,
The warm light on the hills,
The happy bluebirds on the wing,
Nature's unnumbered thrills,

Outwatched the light of summer moons
Amidst old Fundy's roar,
Listened the crying of the loons
On Digby's lonely shore,

And every season's fresh surprise
Kindled their love anew,
And every toilsome enterprise
Their hearts still closer drew.

At last Biencourt's fortunate star
The western skies upclomb,
And to the court of proud Navarre
His fame went echoing home;

But in the vicarious rule of France,
Amidst the strife and stir
That marked young Acadie's advance,
Two heads and hearts there were.

Ere fortune's light had come to wane,
Or hope to dim by doubt,
Somewhere in his beloved domain
Biencourt's life went out;

And bitterer tears were never shed
  By manly eyes before
Than grief wrung for his brother, dead,
  From loyal Charles La Tour.

Henceforth the Acadian Coast to him
  Was like a desert bare,
The sedge that lined the river's brim
  Sang out his grief to air.

He sought the spots where sad pines moan
  And plaintive hemlock's wave,
And many a night he slept alone
  Beside Biencourt's grave.

Note. Biencourt died in 1623.

MADAME LA TOUR

Defence of the Fort, April, 1645

Against the background of the shadowy years
Are painted, but they have no smiles or tears
Or heart throbs, like the living ones we know,
The forms of most great men, dead long ago.

Some spirits have there been in history
Who with the vanished centuries cannot die,
But in the living world still keep their place,
So strong are they, so charged with every grace.

This noble heroine of the Acadian land,
A woman born for love and for command,
Enframed with brilliant forests and blue bays
Seems like a picture, but she lives with us always.

Amidst the fogs that hide the rugged face
Of the New Brunswick shore with filmy grace,
In Fort La Tour, stockaded, bastioned, bold,
The great seignorial captain's chief stronghold,

She long withstood the plunderer, Charnisay,
Her husband's enemy, who night and day
Camped near the walls, with cat-like, covetous eyes
Sought the small force that held it, to surprise.

Denys has told us that with breaking heart
She stood, compelled to bear a witness' part
As, trapped at last by fiendish treachery,
Her faithful soldiers were led out to die.

Then wrung with pain, with eyes forever blind
To sights of joy, through desolate days she pined,
Till where the tides fall tremulous on the shore
She slept, the heroic wife of Charles La Tour.

Whence came she to Acadia, what her name,
Live her French forefathers in rolls of fame,
Why braved she wild, tempestuous ocean floods,
To find rude shelter in these homeless woods?

Our questions echo 'gainst unanswering skies,
The forests, too, guard well their mysteries;
But Acadie's traditions would be poor
Without the memory of Dame Latour.

Devoted women, Greece and Rome of old
Admiring tales of their great daughters told,
And shall we let thy name be lost among
The multitudes whose lives go all unsung?

Ah, no; beside the stern New Brunswick strand
And through the length of this delightful land
Thou shalt be well remembered; even the sea
Shall sing continuous requiem for thee.

MARGUERITE AND THE ISLE OF DEMONS

Past the coral reefs and islands
In blue, palm-fringed Southern seas,
Toward the great St. Lawrence, gaily
Sped a French ship in the breeze,
Bearing northward priests and nobles,
High-born women, soldiers tall,
Midst them, ever stern and gloomy,
The proud viceroy, Roberval.

Many a day, dark-browed and silent,
He the men and maids would meet
On the vessel's deck, and always
Toward his niece, fair Marguerite,
Send fierce glances, as when storm-clouds
Shoot into the tropic sky,
Driving bright-winged birds for shelter
To the mango-forests high.

And the haughty women gave her
Looks of pity or of scorn,
For her troth had long been plighted
To a lover, humbly-born,
Brave, but wild and pleasure-loving
As the young stag on the moor,
Seeking now some new adventure
On this romance-breathing shore.

Ever northward sailed the vessel
Many and many an ocean mile,
Toward the mouth of the St. Lawrence
And the blue straits of Belleisle,
Where to lonely shores and islands
Silver sea-birds come in flocks,
And the white surf, fiercely foaming,
Breaks upon the sullen rocks.

Suddenly the Isle of Demons,
Hardly half a league away,
Loomed before them, and the Viceroy
Sternly called: "Come here, I pray."
And his niece obeyed, and trembling
Stood before him near the rail,
And the other maidens, watching,
Saw her face grow deathly pale.

Not a word he spoke, but only,
With that fierce light in his eye,
Pointed to the Isle of Demons;
Then he turned, and presently
Came the white-sailed ship to anchor,
And above the wild surf's roar
Marguerite heard mocking voices:
"Dwell with us forevermore!"

As the mother soothes her baby,
When its cry grows worse and worse,
Now, with loving looks, hung o'er her
Old Marie, her Norman nurse,

And her tears fell with the maiden's,
  As she sobbed "Ma belle petite,
Old Marie will share the exile
  Of her little Marguerite."

Then the women wept and pleaded
  With the Viceroy, Roberval,
And the men, but he unyielding,
  Gave no heed to them at all;
And they watched her as the rowers
  Bore her up the distant bay,
While the ship lay fast at anchor
  Almost half a league away.

How the demons pressed about her;
  How they mocked her woman's woe;
From the gray cliffs rang their laughter
  To the echoing caves below.
How she saw the wild-flowers tremble
  Where they danced with death-shod feet,
Heard their jarring voices call her:
  "Marguerite, O Marguerite!"

Then they gathered closer round her,
  Great and small, to do her harm;
But the Virgin-Mother sheltered
  Marguerite with her right arm;
And she fought them, and grew stronger
  Ever as she kneeled to pray,
Till at last the demons, shrieking,
  Fled into the woods away.

And ere long she grew so holy
That they shunned her in affright,
Never spoke her name save only
On the distant cliffs at night.
So she lived three lonely summers,
Longing for some happy chance
That might give her back her lover
On the sunny shores of France,

Till a little fishing vessel
From some port beyond the sea
Drifting near the Isle of Demons
Gave the maid her liberty;
And the good queen and the nobles
Hastened her return to greet
And her faithful lover welcomed
To his heart his Marguerite.

THE GHOSTS OF THE ACADIANS

It is the hour of sunset, and the hills of Gaspereau
Liehalf in purple shadow and half in crimson glow;
Day's deafening chorus ended, on the clear-echoing air
The college bell is ringing its evening call to prayer.

The fitful faltering music, as through a swaying door,
Sweeps now across the Basin to distant Beauséjour;
Then weakening to a chorus of laughter, sobs and sighs,
Seems like a ghostly requiem sung by dead centuries.

Below the embowered village extends the wide Grand Pré,
A thousand emerald acres where light and shadow play,
And there the gleaming water and the masted ships that ride
Near Blomidon, grim guardsman of the gateway of the tide,

And fisher people tying belated boats to shore
And farmers plodding homeward, all weary and foot-sore,
And children calling cattle that from the dykes have strayed,
And great hay-wagons creeping from out the willows' shade,

But soon the darkness deepens and night's cold dews
come down
And then the Acadian peasants roam forth through
field and town.
Again above the ramparts of bastioned Beauséjour
The white flag of the Bourbons salutes the Cobequid
shore,

And rude French fishing vessels drift outward to the
Bay,
And peaceful homes encircle the meadows of Grand
Pré.
Above the rustic cradle, to hush her baby's cry,
The fond Acadian mother sings sweet French lullaby,

And maidens with their lovers dance on the village
green,
Amongst them stalwart Gabriel, and his Evangeline,
While from the open church door, as young at heart as
they,
Nods saintly Père Felician, and bids his flock be gay.

But now New England soldiers are camped by Basil's
forge,
And o'er the town is waving the red cross of St. George,
And British swords are gleaming, and women are in
flight,
And children's cries are rending the silence of the night.

At last fierce flames encircle the houses of Grand Pré
And Winslow's vessels hurry upon the tide away,
While lurid shadows linger where red gleams fell aslant
The fruitful fields of Minas and the dykes of Habitant.

O pity for the sorrow that shrouds the Minas shore,
The bitter desolation of ancient Beauséjour,
The weeping of the exiles across the moaning tide,
The Acadian peasant people that in strange lands abide.

From Maine to California, bewildered groups, they stand,
With eyes turned ever eastward to the Acadian Land,
Their plaintive songs reëchoed by strange unfeeling skies,
Like the old Mantuan shepherd's or Hebrew psalmist's cries.

O poor Acadian people, ye fell on troublous times,
When lust of large dominion filled all the world with crimes,
When Holy Church gave sanction to most unholy strife,
And the Galilean's gospel was not the law of life.

Now wrongs like those ye suffered, thank Heaven, have ceased to be
Since church and state know better Christ's law of charity;

Now men repose in safety by labour's peaceful forge,
'Neath the white flag of the Bourbons and the red cross
of St. George;
Yet earth has misconceptions and cruelties today
As great as caused your downfall, ye peasants of Grand
Pré,

The lust of power is rampant, the love of gold is strong,
Some use in selfish pleasure what others gained by
wrong,
The young too soon bear burdens, the aged toil too late,
Hearts made for trust and pity are driven to fear and
hate.

Slow comes the reign of knowledge, slow dawns the
perfect light;
But from a thousand hill-tops we look into the night
And see earth's wide horizon in many spots aglow,
And spite of present darkness and present pain we
know
That some day false ambition shall turn to purpose
strong,
And he be counted conqueror who lives to conquer
wrong.

PURITAN PLANTERS

The rocky slopes to emerald had changed their garb of gray
When the vessels from Connecticut came sailing up the Bay;
There were diamonds on every wave that drew the strangers on
And bands of sapphire circling the steep brows of Blomidon.

Five years in desolation the Acadian land had lain,
Five golden Harvest moons had wooed the fallow fields in vain,
Five times the winter snows had slept and summer sunsets smiled
On lonely clumps of willows and orchards growing wild.

There was stillness in the forest and along the Minas shore
And not a habitation from Canard to Beauséjour,
While many a blackened rafter and many a broken wall
Told the silent, piteous story of Acadia's downfall;

And even in Nature's gladness in the matchless month
of June,
When every day she swept her harp, the strings in
perfect tune,
The land seemed calling sadly for its owners far away,
The exiles scattered on the coast from Maine to Charles-
ton Bay

Where with daily bitter longings for their old homes
and their dead
They bowed their heads in anguish and could not be
comforted
And like the Hebrew exiles long ago beyond the sea
Refused to sing the songs of home in their Captivity.

But the simple Norman peasant folk shall till the land
no more,
For the vessels from Connecticut have anchored by the
shore,
And many a glad New Englander his mind with Scrip-
ture stored
Rejoices he has found at last this "Garden of the
Lord."

There are families from Norwich, from Killingworth and
Lyme,
Gentle mothers, tender maidens, and strong men in
their prime,

There are lovers who have plighted their troth in Coventry,
And sweet confiding children from New London by the sea.

They come as came the Hebrews into their Promised Land,
Not as to rocky Plymouth shores came the first Pilgrim band.
The Minas fields were fruitful, and the Gasperean had borne
To seaward many a vessel laden deep with ripened corn.

They come with hearts unhardened by New England's storms and cold,
To found a race of noblemen of Calvinistic mould,
In the place of peasant Frenchmen, the Acadian land to teach
The English love of knowledge and the English ways of speech.

They come with Puritan fervour but with mellow heart and mind
Toward the loveliness of nature and the best thought of mankind.
The measure of their manners was not gained from Courts 'tis true,
But life's scantier schools of fortune have their own sweet work to do,

And the planters spoke with pity of the poor French
scattered wide,
And the patient helpless cattle, who for want of care
had died,
The faithful cows and oxen driven from shelter at
Grand Pré,
Who in winter storms had perished when their owners
went away.

And they walked with reverent footsteps through the
streets all grown with moss,
Where had stood the ancient chapel with its altar and
its cross,
And they dreamed of Basil's smithy sending red sparks
to the sky,
Though they saw but purple thistles and pink fireweed
growing high.

* * * * * * *

The Acadian dykes have been rebuilt for years now
many a score,
The cornfields stretch long furrows from Canard to
Beauséjour,
Five generations have been reared beside the broad
Grand Pré
Since the vessels from Connecticut came sailing up the
Bay,

And across the fertile uplands where the farmers reap
and sow,
The engine calls warm welcome to the hills of Gas-
pereau,
And outward to the ocean on the yellow Fundy tide
Sail playful pleasure yachts and busy trade-ships side
by side;

And the planters' lives are richer through the influence
of time
In the things of truth that matter, and the hopes that
make sublime,
And their homes are clad with beauty, and their chil-
dren's lives are fair,
And the people dwell in friendship through the country
everywhere,

And the fear of God inspires them, as of old, to sacred
deeds,
Though their Calvinistic tenets have given place to
milder creeds,
And they watch with pride their orchards and their
dyke-lands velvet green,
And rejoice that on this wide earth can be found no
lovelier scene.

JOSEPHINE

When Lady Falkland made her home
In this fair land of Acadie
She loved incessantly to roam
About the woods and fields with thee,
O'er many a daisied meadow, green,
She danced with thee, sweet Josephine.

Past hedges of pink roses, wild,
That on the air their fragrance fling,
Ye wandered, thou scarce more than child,
She daughter of the Sailor King;
Where clustered hawthorns outward lean
Ye rested, often, Josephine.

Down lilac-bordered lanes ye went,
With honeysuckle half abloom,
And caught the shy, delicious scent
Of slender violets, hid in gloom,
Ye plucked the saffron celandine
And flaming Turk's-cap, Josephine.

When autumn's ripeness filled the air
And woods with scarlet were inwrought
And golden-rod gleamed everywhere,
The deep-blue gentian, fringed, ye sought,

No flower that grew was e'er too mean
To make your garland, Josephine.

She begged thy mother, but in vain,
For long companionship with thee,
She would have had thee in her train,
Her ward at court, perchance, to be,
What marvels might'st thou not have seen
Had'st thou gone with her, Josephine!

Ye parted, as so many part;
The fire of love, a ruddy flame,
Kindled in each responsive heart
But doomed to perish as it came —
To be revived, sometime, I ween
In friendlier worlds, young Josephine.

ALICE HAMILTON

As through a scented clover lane
I walked one summer day,
I met blithe Alice Hamilton,
Of the Hamiltons of Brae.

The sunlight rippling o'er the fields
And round the landscape gay
Caressed young Alice Hamilton,
Of the Hamiltons of Brae.

A gown of filmy white she wore,
As free from soil or stain
As her fresh life was free from care,
Her fervid heart from pain.

Ere long she met a ragged girl,
The child had lost her way
And cried as if her little soul
Would burst, that summer day;

She took the sad one in her arms
And wiped its tears away
And kissed it, Alice Hamilton,
Of the Hamiltons of Brae.

What matter if her gown were soiled,
She cared not for the stain,
Her heart on the sweet task was set
Of soothing children's pain.

Her tenderness was deep, and so
There never passed a day
That from her love God did not light
A lamp for some dark way.

'Twas long ago she went from earth
Within the shadows gray,
Dear, helpful Alice Hamilton,
Of the Hamiltons of Brae.

She died before her own young heart
Had felt life's bitterest pain,
While laughter yet lay close to tears
As sunshine does to rain;

While violets still with carpets blue
Screened all unsightly clay,
And daffodils danced merrily
Beside the dreariest way,

But the clear torch she set alight
Shines like a sun to-day,
And men bless Alice Hamilton,
Of the Hamiltons of Brae.

THE LADY OF THE FLOWERS

Up and down the garden walks
Every day I watch her go,
Past great clumps of nodding stalks
Crowned with blushing crimson roses,
Or with lilies, white as snow.

Lilacs dashing on the air
Persian odors, in delight
Bend and almost touch her hair;
On the bough where he reposes
Sings the oriole with his might.

She has crocuses in spring,
Yellow, purple, pink, and gray,
Daffodils that round her fling
Gold magnificently minted,
Snowdrops tender, jonquils gay.

Tulips, scarlet-mantled, turn
Richer red as she goes by,
Royal princesses that spurn
In their splendour, all unstinted,
Other flowers that venture nigh.

Easter lilies crave the touch
Of her carmine-tinted lips —
Finer flowers by far than such
As bedeck the fields immortal,
Whose soft fragrance Juno sips.

Down a pink-plumed peony row
Into purple iris lanes,
Onward still I see her go,
To a Turk's-cap-lilied portal,
Where perpetual coolness reigns.

There in deep, luxuriant bowers
Of wistaria, rich with bloom,
Sits the Lady of the Flowers —
Queens have subjects, myriads rally
Round her beautiful throne-room.

"High midsummer pomps" ere long
Crowd about their sovereign's feet,
Orange-spiked tritonias throng,
Orient poppies outward sally
To protect her royal seat.

Indian pinks, and blue-bells bound
In a chaplet, she may wear;
Trumpet flowers in crimson gowned
Like the queens of eastern story
She may have to deck her hair.

When September's gold and red
Make the world a sea of flame,
Round her in ripe splendour spread
"Indian visions steeped in glory,"
Putting earlier scenes to shame,

Purple phlox in rich array,
Salvia in conspicuous rows,
Yellow cannas, larkspur gay,
Mignonette and musk carnations,
Dahlias in majestic pose.

All alike possess her heart,
She is sovereign, that they know,
But she never dwells apart
Like the queens of other nations
From her folk on planes below;

Through the winding garden walks
Every day she freely moves,
Holding sympathetic talks
With her friends, whate'er their stations,
For the meanest one she loves.

A BALLAD OF THE TORIES

1784

The Tories are embarking for the Province by the Sea,
They have left their homes on Broadway and beside the Battery,
The mansions are deserted that o'erlook the Bowling Green,
And in the highways to the wharves unwonted sights are seen.

First, matrons fair with powdered hair and haughty looks go by,
Then gentle maids, whose colour shames the rose-tints in the sky,
Then fine Colonial gentlemen, and boys of manly grace,—
But sorrow unmistakable appears in every face.

There are Barclays and De Lanceys, there are Purdys, half a score,
There are Livingstons and Ludlows, Bayards, Thornes, and many more,
There are Rapaljes and Remsens, Wilmots, Wigginses, and Wards —
Judges, councillors, and farmers, doctors, lawyers, priests, and bards.

They are pressing to the water on the city's eastern side,
They are stepping up the planks that reach the ships that there are tied,
They are waving to their friends on shore most piteous farewells,
They are weeping in their cabins as weep prisoners in their cells.

The guns of war are silent that have boomed for seven years,
The British have been routed, and there seems no cause for tears,
But the Barclays and De Lanceys are as sad as sad can be,
And their ships are in the harbour for the Province by the Sea.

Is it prejudice that sways them, are they blind to all the wrong
Their compatriots have suffered from the English rule so long?
Is it cowardly submissiveness that makes these Tories hate
The newly formed Republic and its officers of state?

Are the Ludlows and the Robinsons so sunk in selfishness
That they have no souls to sympathize with common men's distress;

Are they willing that the people should be slaves the country o'er
If their own exclusive privilege is only kept secure?

There is surely something better back of protest such as theirs,
There is good stout-hearted loyalty below such tears and prayers,
They have loved the flag of England and the throne so firm and strong,
Though they know King George is narrow and his ministers are wrong,

And they cannot give allegiance to a governmental plan
Which concedes the right of sovereign to the very lowest man,
That makes friends with all fanatics who shout loud for liberty,
But has no meed for Loyalists but shame and obloquy.

So the Tories are embarking, such a sad, distressful band,
On the rugged shore of Shelburne, in the old Acadian land,
They will build another city and contented try to be,
Though they love their homes on Broadway and beside the Battery.

There the spirit of rebellion will not show its hateful
head,
There to English institutions people always will be
wed,
There, though present ills may irritate, men's hearts
will never lag
In loyal love for England and devotion to her flag.

But that rugged shore of Shelburne will be mournful
many a day
With the sighing of the pilgrims who are sailing fast
away
From the homes their love has fashioned, from the
church their faith has reared,
And the churchyard by a thousand hallowed memories
endeared.

Though the skies that overarch them have the same
delightful blue,
Though the friends they value highest like themselves
are exiles too,
Though good Inglis, who so stoutly for the King has
always prayed,
Will be with them soon as Bishop, to help keep them
undismayed,

They will mourn that England's children such hostility
could show
To the mother who had reared them, and their spirits
will sink low

At the world's degeneration, its distrust of all things
old,
At the shallow views that skeptics in these later ages
hold.

Yield them reverence, not dishonour, this once execrated
band,
It was principle that made them give up their native
land,
They loved their homes on Broadway, but they loved
the old flag more,
And they chose the lot of exiles on a rugged foreign
shore.

So the mansions are deserted that o'erlook the Bowling
Green
And in Manhattan's thoroughfares the owners are not
seen;
But in those streets and houses better men will never
be
Than the Tories who have started for the Province by
the Sea.

ST. PAUL'S CHURCH, HALIFAX

Built in 1750

Timbered in times when men built strong,
With thy tower of wood grown gray,
The frame of thee old, the heart still young,
Thou hast stood for many a day.

Tablets to haloed men of old
Enrich thy welcoming walls,
And hatchments gay with gules and gold
Hang thick as in English halls.

Summer and winter thy bells ring out
On the crisp Acadian air
Jangles of joy, as if dull-souled doubt
Were shamed by faith and prayer.

The citadel high on the hill above
Of its warlike spirit old
Seems shorn by the Christly power of love
From thy altar outward rolled.

And the same great throngs in these late days
To worship here are led
As in centuries gone, for prayer and praise,
To thy sacred shadow fled.

Aye the same great crowds come in and out
As have come two hundred years,
Gentle and simple, dull with doubt,
Opprest by grinding fears,

Or with souls uplifted, glad, and meek,
And minds inspired to see
That God gives his grace to those who seek
His loyal sons to be.

Old church, what tales thy lips might tell,
What sights thy power might show
If some wizard's word might break the spell
That keeps thee silent now.

Thou mightst picture the days when governors grand
To thy doors in state were driven,
With stars on their breasts that the motherland
For valorous deeds had given.

Thou mightst tell of the Tories from Boston Bay,
Who tented thy walls beside
When they fled from the land where treason lay
Nor shamed its face to hide.

Thou mightst number the noble names that rest
'Neath thy chancel, aisle, and pew,
De Seitz with the orange on his breast
And Greville Montagu.

Thou mightst speak of councillors, judges grave,
And men of towering trust,
And famous warriors, bold and brave,
Long turned to powdered dust,

Whose loyal love thou hast waked and won
For years of good and ill,
Till at last their arduous work was done
And their restless lives were still.

Thou mightst summon the days when Breynton stood
In thy quaint old pulpit high,
Generous, gentle, kind and good,
His message of truth to cry.

Thou mightst tell of the happy unions sealed
By him at thy chancel fair,
Of sorrows deep that he helped or healed
By his counsel or his prayer.

Timbered in times when men built strong
With thy tower of wood grown gray,
Dear church, stand strong until ages long
Have brought earth's judgment day.

Till the world is old mayst thy bells ring out
On the crisp Acadian air
Jangles of joy to shame dull doubt
And drown men's woes in prayer.

PORT ROYAL

About this ancient earth-work and this wall,
Where rude spiked gates on heavy hinges hung,
The shouts of armies many a time have rung,
And thunderous cannon sounded loud o'er all.

Here, night and morn, the echoing bugle call
Close to the farthest wooded hill-tops clung,
Here with her lilies to the breezes flung
France held Acadia in romantic thrall.

Here Bourbon nobles carved the fleur-de-lis,
And waved the white flag of the Bourbon kings;
Here Acadie's first convert Membertou,
The aged Micmac chieftain, bent the knee
To Christ; and here on wide-expanded wings
The hostile fleets of British sovereigns flew.

GRAND PRE

A rare enchantment rests upon the place
Where Gabriel wooed and won Evangeline;
On these broad, fertile dyke-lands, emerald green,
Lies the soft spell of a romantic race.

Where winds the Gaspereau with serpent grace
Along the vale, Acadian homes have been;
On this slight mound they tell us once was seen
The cross-crowned church; here ancient willows trace

A favorite street, while in their open field
Tradition says the Acadians placed their dead.
Yonder lies Minas Basin in the sun
Gleaming like some recumbent warrior's shield;
Above, a white mist-turban round his head,
Sheik of the land sits hoary Blomidon.

CHEBUCTO BAY

When England's power at last would be complete
On all the tide-washed shores of Acadie,
Cornwallis brought his goodly company
To anchor in this bay, a noble fleet.

Here grew a sturdy city, street by street,
And forts were reared to guard the surging sea,
Here royal Edward dwelt, grandsire to be
Of kings whose empire scarce knows bound or mete.

Here Wentworth and his Tory compeers came
When revolution rent the neighboring land,
Foes to the foes of England and the King,
To this proud citadel of ancient fame,
Decade by decade white-sailed war ships manned
By soldier seamen, British warriors bring.

PART II

LYRICS IN MANY MOODS

THE LOTUS OF THE NILE

Proud, languid lily of the sacred Nile,
'Tis strange to see thee on our western wave,
Far from those sandy shores that mile on mile,
Papyrus-plumed, stretch silent as the grave.

O'er limpid pool, and wide, palm-sheltered bay,
And round deep-dreaming isles, thy leaves expand,
Where Alexandrian barges plough their way,
Full-freighted, to the ancient Theban land.

On Karnak's lofty columns thou wert seen,
And spacious Luxor's temple-palace walls,
Each royal Pharaoh's emeralded queen
Chose thee to deck her glittering banquet halls;

Yet thou art blossoming on this fairy lake
As regally, amidst these common things,
As on the shores where Nile's brown ripples break,
As in the ivory halls of Egypt's kings.

Thy grace meets every passer's curious eyes,
But he whose thought has ranged through faiths of old
Gazing at thee feels lofty temples rise
About him, sees long lines of priests, white-stoled,

That chant strange music as they slowly pace
  Dim-columned aisles; hears trembling overhead
Echoes that lose themselves in that vast space
  Of Egypt's solemn ritual for the dead.

Ay, deeper thoughts than these, though undefined,
  Start in the reflective soul at sight of thee,
For this majestic orient faith enshrined
  Man's yearning hope of immortality,

And thou didst symbolize the deathless power
  That under all decaying forms lies hid,
The old world worshipped thee, O Lotus flower,
  Then carved its sphinx and reared its pyramid!

FOUNTAINS ABBEY

I never caught so clear the master note
From old monastic centuries, days remote
In thought and speech, most in religious mood,
As when a lonely traveller I stood
Amidst the ruins England loves so well,
Her Fountains Abbey in the Vale of Skell.

Fresh lawns and spangled meadows far and near
Laughed at the menace of the waning year,
But like some furrowed rock high up the shore,
That ne'er again shall list the plash of oar
Nor feel the tides, estranged from wold and wood,
These wasted walls and crumbling cloisters stood.

Univied pillars, pensive, proud, aloof,
That long withstood the weight of Norman roof;
And arch decayed, and base of buoyant tower
Disdained the threats of time, despised its power,
And seemed like ancient men who magnify
The statelier manners of an age gone by.

By broken buttressed walls I still could trace
The Abbey's wide expanse, in thought could place
On this side and on that the narrow skell,
Nave, choir, dim chapter house, low crypt, and cell —

A noble harmony of chiselled stone,
A gothic forest in this valley grown.

It was not strange I felt once more the thrill
Of the old life, for very place at will
Brings back its myriad dead, not ghosts but men,
Who take the old tasks up, and walk again
The common ways; alive grew plain and wood
With the white-robed Cistercian brotherhood.

Some tilled the fields, some from the forest came
Laden with fresh-cut fuel or with game;
Some tended glowing ovens, deep and wide,
Or turned the heavy spit from side to side.
Some thoughtful, with the air of courtly men,
Cowls back, sat silent, wielding brush or pen.

In holy sanctuary, where the east
Poured purple splendours through the church, a priest
With broidered robes at the high altar sung
A sacred mass, whose echoes faintly rung
Into the raftered gloom, and lingered there
Like Skell's own murmurs on the evening air.

On traceried windows, rich with red and gold,
Time-honoured legends of the Church were told;
Martyrs and saints, released from want and fear,
Had reached an aureoled existence here;
In haloed splendour, over all was he
Of Bethlehem's manger and Gethsemane.

I saw the abbot, cloistered potentate,
Come riding proudly through the open gate,
While as he rode a lithe-limbed novice bore
With lifted hands a silver cross before,
And every hooded brother, low or high,
Took reverent posture as his lord went by.

I saw the wearied traveller alight
Before the abbey walls at dead of night,
Too tired to take the bridle from his steed
Or tell the kindly hostler-monk his need,
To claim the bounty here as freely given
As Israel's manna, or the dew of heaven.

The castellated feudal towers that frowned
Their moated terrors on the country round,
And o'er the serf-tilled soil with verdure drest
Held despot sway from glittering east to west,
From neighbouring woods looked on, half-shamed to see
Such peace, such liberal hospitality.

O golden days, I said, when rich and poor,
Knights riding home across the dangerous moor,
The lowliest swain that delved in field or fen,
Princes and cassocked priests and serving men,
Were ever welcome to an abbey's fires,
Its ripening fruits, the fat kine in its byres.

O wondrous age, when poets sang their songs
In these cool cells, unhindered by the throngs

That love not melody; when Science knew
A place where, welcome, she might search the blue,
Still dome of heaven, or unsuspected pry
Amidst the rocks, her field the earth and sky.

O happy men, whom cruel, cureless hate,
Love unrequited, festering sores of state,
The din of clashing creeds, domestic strife,
The lusts and lies that sicken us of life,
Drove here for shelter: discords as of hell
Were hushed within your souls beside the Skell.

Long-ruined abbey, all the hope and fear
Of ghostly centuries are gathered here,
The sense of brotherhood, the lust and greed,
The noblest triumph and the darkest deed;
The world's heart beats in these fair violet blooms
That fringe your nameless monks' forgotten tombs.

BY THE BRIDGE

With subtlest mimicry of wave and tide,
Of ocean storm, and current setting free,
Here by the bridge the river deep and wide,
Swaying the reeds along its muddy marge
Speeds to the wharf the dusky coaling-barge,
And dreams itself a commerce-quickening sea.

Wide sedge-rimmed meadows westward meet the eye,
Brown, silty, sere, where driftwood from the mills
Is thrown, as Spring's full flood sweeps by,
And weeds grow rank as on the wild salt-marsh,
And lonely cries of sea-gulls, loud and harsh,
Pierce evening's silence to the echoing hills.

The scene, with all its varied, voiceless moods,
My eyes have looked upon so many years
That like my mother's songs, or the deep woods
In whose mysterious shade I used to play,
Weaving sweet fancies all the summer day,
It has strange power to waken joy or tears.

I love the lights that fringe the farther shore,
Great golden fireflies by a silver mere;
Mysterious torches they, that o'er and o'er

Recall to mind the dear souls gone, not set
Cold-gleaming crystals in God's coronet,
But gems that light our way with ruddy cheer.

Sometimes inverted in the wave they seem
Like orient palace-roofs and towers aflame
With rubies, or those sapphire walls that gleam
Amidst the visions of the holy Seer,
Who by the blue Egean, with vision clear,
Saw splendours in the heavens he might not name.

When all the river lies encloaked in mist
So far away those trembling orbs of light
They symbol memories fair that still persist,
With glow or glimmer, of the shrouded years
Before we left, for laughter, cries, and tears,
That world serene where souls are born in light.

I cannot watch unmoved the sunset here,
When swift volcanic fires of liquid gold
Alight on hills of purple haze appear,
And clouds, deep-crimsoned in the day's decline,
Like snowy festal-garments splashed with wine,
Lie careless, resting fleecy fold on fold.

So deep the meanings in these changing moods
Of earth and heaven, that I who reverent stand
Before a flower, and in the sombre woods
Hear speech that silences the common creeds,
Stand lost in wonder, like a man who reads
Immortal prophecies none can understand.

THE PROPHECY OF BEAUTY

Sometimes I think the source of souls must be
  The Primal Beauty, we so quick respond
To loveliness in earth and sky and sea —
  Green in the majestic oak and fine fern-frond,

Purple in sunsets, undulate lines of hills,
  Ships spreading white wings on the western wave,
White-foaming currents turning mossy mills,
  The dim cathedral's arch and spire and nave;

The moon's reflection on the limpid lake,
  The plash of oars, the rowers' voices there;
The enrapturing scent that follows in the wake
  Of Spring's first movement in the forests bare.

Who has not often felt a sovereign power
  To lift his spirit to majestic pose
In these, or mountain peak, or vine-clad bower,
  In violet blue and crimson-petalled rose.

Who has not dreamed that some last rapturous day,
  When evening's silent speech has just begun,
And the deep-crimson clouds have turned to gray
  That liveried the death-chamber of the sun,

His eyes shall open on scenes lovelier
  Than ever swept on man's bewildered sight
In Indian isles, where languid spice-winds stir
  Luxuriant forests the long summer night,

In any orient, or enchanted land
  That in poetic vision e'er had birth,
Where fevered souls by feathery palms are fanned,
  And beauty springs perennial from the earth;

Where hill and valley, sea and sky are wed
  In bonds of princely colour, perfect line,
Where ruby lights the landscape overspread,
  From clouds that crisp-waved seas incarnadine.

THE COTTAGE

In a quaint cottage in the Acadian land
A poet's youth was spent,
Where waving dykes await the mower's hand
And orchards almost drown the air with scent.

In rambling picturesqueness on a hill,
Clad with luxuriant vines the cottage stood,
With gardens back where one could watch at will
The rich red tides sweep up from Fundy's flood.

On the dark walls within, the livelong day,
The sunbeams wove patterns of loveliest grace,
And many a morn the boy half-conscious lay
And dreamed that round him hung like folds of lace

Fine purple fabrics woven by Indian looms
For princely palace walls inlaid with gold;
That subtle-textured stuffs bedecked the rooms
And splendid tapestries with scenes of old,

And shimmering silks; that unknown hands had drest
With them the winding halls and parlours square,
Draped the deep windows looking east and west
And made the old mansion plain a palace fair.

Such things he pictured till the morn went by,
Then the mixed colours that his garden wore,
The shadowy elms, the soft clouds floating by
To loftier realms his fervid fancy bore.

Visions of heavenly beauty haunted him,
The velvet dykes, the fields in which he strayed,
The blossoming orchards, even the forest dim,
Were thronged with spirit-forms that round him played.

Who does not love the place where first he knew
Imagination's wondrous witchery,
Where his cramped soul first gathered wings and flew
Beyond the accustomed bounds of sky or sea;

Who, travelling onward toward the setting sun
Keeps not in tender thought his earliest feast
Of beauty, when amidst sweet scenes he spun
Ecstatic visions, being nature's priest?

Gone is the cottage where in fresh day dreams
The boy to lovely lands first winged his flight,
Drank deep, delicious draughts from beauty's streams
And felt the glory that sweeps round our night,

But the same sense of colour, form, and sound
Lives in him, and he knows that by and by,
Back of disharmony, when the Truth is found,
Beauty unspeakable will be seen to lie.

O RESTLESS POET SOUL

O restless poet soul that know'st no bounds,
  A world of unspent song lies back of thee;
Thou livest in a land of melody,
  For thee earth has no common sights or sounds.

With wool the people bid thee stuff thine ears,
  "Be satisfied," they cry, "with what we teach;"
Then laugh, and say: "What is it that he hears?
  Song is but song, truth loves staid forms of speech."

But thou, with music melting thee to tears,
  Bring'st nobler strains through their fond, fragile creeds,
  Like one who pipes sweet songs on simple reeds;
And thou art deaf to all their frets and fears.

Sing then thy strains however poor they be,
A world of unspent song lies back of thee.

THE GARDEN OF SONG

O give me a place in the garden of song,
I would linger and labour there all summer long,
There are corners to care for, stray beds to make bloom,
I ask not for wages, I only seek room
In the garden of song.

The soil is so fertile, the season so fair,
There are life-throbs and thrills in the magical air,
I would nourish and nurture the delicate seed,
I would watch the young plants, I would water and weed,
In the garden of song.

What joy to help Nature burst forth into flower,
To add a fresh rose here and there to her bower,
Make daisies spring softly, and lilies unfold,
And daffodils deluge the brown earth with gold,
In the garden of song.

I may not have skill in the gardener's art
To summon to strength all the seeds of the heart,
But with love as its impulse, and beauty its end,
There must be some fruit from the labour I spend
In the garden of song.

In the wane of the year, when sweet summer is done
If my violets from heaven's clear fountain have won
The blue that is kept there exhaustless as light,
If my pansies have drawn down some purple from night
To the garden of song;

If a heart here and there has been lifted from gloom
As it looked at the roses my care had made bloom,
The winds of late autumn will not seem so wild,
The snows not so cheerless stern winter has piled
Round my garden of song.

PURPLE ASTERS

I had a garden when I was a boy,
Wherein I planted fondly many a flower
And watched it grow until I felt the joy
That every gardener feels, as Nature's power
To make rare scents exhale from stalks of green
And dash rich colors o'er dull earth is seen.

In that old garden, bright with varied bloom
From crimson-tulip time till winter fell,
It seemed as if no flower begotten of gloom
Had any right, or even should dare to dwell,
Yet o'er one spot where wildness still held sway
A sullen, sad, persistent shadow lay.

Amongst the grasses tangled field flowers grew,
Fringed, tender, trembling things that we called weeds
(Names mean so little), always wet with dew,
That clung to their pale disks in liquid beads —
They seemed in the fine colour-symphony
Of the gay garden minor chords to be.

Here each September purple asters came
When earth wore gold and scarlet on her breast
And fields were ripe and Autumn's flood of flame
Swept noiseless o'er the woods from east to west,

They flaunted not in regal violet bloom
But seemed like tearful souls begot in gloom.

The lives of men are gardens from whose soil
Spring deep red-petalled roses, violets blue
As heaven; where passion flowers, too, fix their coil
Round frail anemones, heartsease, and rue;
But in some sheltered spots, bright blooms beside,
Pale, pleading purple asters always hide.

They tell us there are gardens richly clad
In crimson, sapphire, gold, awaiting men
Beyond the stars, where heavy hearts grow glad
And never to low levels sink again;
Can life so change that in such lands shall be
No purple asters of despondency?

THE ROOTS OF THE ROSES

The roses come, and the roses go,
But the roots of the roses live under the snow,
To visions awhile in their tents they cling,
But they wake at the bugle-call of spring.

Life's pleasures come, and life's pleasures go,
But the roots of true joy shelter under the snow,
The hope of the heart has its winter's drear,
But the roses come back when the brooks run clear.

Friendships are born, and friendships die,
But the fountain of love runs never dry,
The blossoms of fellowship come and go,
But the roots of the roses live under the snow.

ORCHARDS IN BLOOM

Banks of bloom on a billowy plain,
Odours of orient in the air,
Pink-tipped petals that fall like rain,
Allah's garden everywhere.

Infinite depths in the blue above,
Glint of gold on the hill-tops gray,
Orioles trilling songs of love
With tireless throats the long June day.

Fields of emerald, tufted white,
Yellow, and azure, far outspread —
O the measureless soul-delight
In the scent of the clover blossoms red!

Revel of joy, sweet ecstasy,
Perfect life of the year begun,
Nothing to whisper of what shall be
When earth lies ripe in the autumn sun,

Never a hint that the orchards wide
Where Heaven's pink incense-torches burn
In the swift on-moving summertide
To heavy-fruited woods shall turn.

Pleasure it is to him who sips
The nectarous sweets that open here,
Maddening bliss to him who dips
Deep in the bowl of the blossoming year.

Banks of bloom on a billowy plain,
Odours of Heaven that fill the air,
Pink-tipped petals that fall like rain,
Allah's garden everywhere!

THE VOYAGE OF SLEEP

To sleep I give myself away,
  Unclasp the fetters of the mind,
Forget the sorrows of the day,
  The burdens of the heart unbind;

With empty sail this wave-tired bark
  Drifts out upon the sea of rest,
While all the shore behind grows dark,
  And silence reigns from east to west.

At last awakes the hidden breeze
  That bears me to the land of dreams,
Where music sighs among the trees
  And murmurs in the shadowy streams.

O weary day, O weary day,
  That dawns in fear and ends in strife,
That brings no cooling draught to allay
  The burning fever thirst of life;

O sacred night, when angel hands
  Are pressed upon the throbbing brow,
And when the soul on shining sands
  Descends with angels from the prow,

And sees soft skies and meadows sweet,
  And blossoming lanes that wind and wind
To bowers where friends long parted meet
  And sit again with arms entwined,

And catch the perfumed breeze that blows
  From pink-plumed orchards sloping fair
And every fresh-expanding rose
  That throws sweet kisses to the air.

O sacred night, O silvery shore,
  O blossoming lanes that wind and wind,
Ye are my refuge more and more
  From ghosts that haunt the waking mind.

To sleep I give myself away,
  Forget the visions of unrest
That came through all the clamorous day,
  And drift into the silent west.

AUTUMN POMPS

Never wore an Indian King
Richer robes than Autumn weaves,
Broidered deep with sumach leaves,
Round earth's ripening form to fling.

Never mixed such magic dyes
Tyrian artificers old,
Persian palaces of gold
To enrich, as meet our eyes:

Maples mantling distant hills
Kindle flames of scarlet rare,
Trumpet-vines with orient flare
Drape the dusky window-sills;

Purple asters line the way
Where the plodding labourer goes,
Goldenrod the plain o'erflows,
Salvias make the garden gay;

Nightshade berries gleaming red
Dip their burnished spheres in dew,
With the gentian's fringes blue
Many a mound is carpeted.

Scarlet cannas lure the sun
To their chalice-centres warm,
Orange-turbaned lilies swarm
Where the close-clipped hedges run.

Great magician, Nature, tell
Where the fount of colour lies
Whence thou draw'st, ere summer dies,
Grace like this for field and fell;

Make the lovely current spread,
Arched above with purple haze,
When we reach our autumn days,
Round the paths our souls shall tread;

Crimson hopes about us strew,
Golden memories in us light,
Let us drift adown the night
On soft, billowy wave-thoughts blue.

ATLANTIC MISTS

Up from the sea the white mists roll,
Soft as the robes a dancer sways,
Pure as the dreams that swathe the soul
Of a laughing child, at peace always.

The blue-veined hills at the north they hide
With a veil that hangs like filmy gauze,
And they lower and lift and fling aside
Their matchless drapery, without pause.

Grange and meadow and dyke below
Lie in the sun in calm content,
Hither and thither like wraiths they go,
But their shadowy grace on the cliffs is spent.

Up from the sea of silence sweep
Beautiful visions to the soul,
Thoughts that rest on the mountain steep
But have no power o'er the plain to roll;

Man is a child of field or grange,
So we say when our eyes are blind;
But the blue-veined hills we all should range
And truths the white mists are, should find.

IMPRESSIONS

Breadths of green and blue on the shallow water,
Tufts of lighter green o'er the dune-lands gray,
Soundless deeps on deeps of a colour blended
Of green and blue and gold, in the sky to-day.

Topaz fires and red on the shallow water,
Rose and emerald mixed on the dune-lands gray,
Flames of crimson, gold, and Tyrian purple —
This was the sunset blazon yesterday.

Opalescent tints on the shallow water,
Pink and green and blue on the dune-lands gray,
Lustrous lights in the sky, a pearly splendour,
Pageant this, of many a perfect day.

DEATH IN ACADIA

Crimson the leaves of the maples had grown,
Earth in a purple pall was sleeping,
The South wind came with a stifled moan
Into the open casement creeping;

From stagnant pools in the slumbering hills
The brook flowed languidly to the ocean,
And the tired wheels of the labouring mills
Were roused to only a feeble motion.

Home from the fields the reapers came,
Late-gleaned sheaves of the harvest bringing,
Deep in the forest, still aflame,
The last of the summer birds were singing;

Grapes on the vine and glistening corn
With asters and golden-rod were vying —
Alas that the year so blithely born
Should now in autumn's arms be dying!

The death of the year, and otherwhere
Death had fallen with loud lamenting,
There were spirits voicing strange despair,
There were some in silent grief-shades tenting.

Gone, could it be, from the face of the sun!
She who had reared strong lives and spoken
Words that had given men power to run
The roads of the world, so steep and broken.

Gone, could it be! and summer still
Rich in her veins and gold yet glinting
From her beautiful brow, so smooth until
Suddenly pain made cruel minting.

O the agony of the parting,
When the child in fear beholds his mother
Torn from the life she loves and starting,
Through what strange gates God knows, on another;

In difficult roads, perchance, to falter,
Weak for the want of the old sustaining,
Sick for the dear domestic altar
Whereon love burned, a torch unwaning.

With the crimsoning maples this had come,
Night had fallen on her noonday glory,
And common pity's lips grew dumb
Nor stammered out: "A time-worn story!"

The mourners lay 'neath a wintry sky
And saw from the frosty welkin's lashes
Tears fall fast, though their own were dry
As the fiery orb's when it flames and flashes.

But there dawned at last a sweet new day,
When over the hill tops hope came bursting
Into the hearts so cold and gray,
Into the souls for comfort thirsting;

Out of the silence wave-like swept
A stream of faith and strong believing,
And the mourners, prostrate, upward leapt
And drank it in, and ceased their grieving.

Crimson the leaves of the maples had grown,
The vines with the purple fields were vying,
Purple and crimson flowers were strown
On the fresh-made grave where her form was lying

And crimson and purple blending there
Became such glory as covers heaven
When the sun, at rest in his palace fair,
To the sky his royal robes has given.

Crimson the petals of hope had grown,
A purple pall o'er faith was lying —
But suddenly doubt was overthrown
And the mourners knew there was no dying.

A SAINT

Whatever crowns the just may wear,
Whatever worlds of light there be,
I know his soul, unshackled, free,
Has come to share.

He reared an honourable name,
He lived almost the allotted span,
Since time first dawned no vigorous man
Has earned less blame —

So ran the record when he died;
But who could fitly mete his worth,
His freedom from the sins of earth,
Deceit and pride;

His inward sense of righteousness,
The heed he gave to duty's call,
His faith that sorrows, great and small,
Are sent to bless.

Men seek the paths self-love has planned,
He scorned to walk in tortuous ways,
The light that lured him all his days
Was God's command.

His heart with pity was imbued,
And patience and self-sacrifice —
He gave men these, and asked no price,
Even gratitude.

O saint, upon thy radiant brow
Such light appears we veil our eyes,
Heaven make us half as strong and wise
And great, as thou!

Whatever crowns the just may wear,
Whatever worlds of light there be,
Thy spirit now, unshackled, free,
Must fully share.

BROTHERHOOD

There's little to choose in this world of ours
'Twixt the peasant and the King,
Tho' the monarch feasts with wine and flowers,
And wears a goodly ring,
While the peasant sports on the village green
In a suit of homespun gray;
The pleasure of one is just as keen
As the other's, every way.

Each carries a heart that sings and sighs,
By turns, as the changes come;
Each finds in life some sad surprise,
At which his lips grow dumb.
Passion and pride and lust and greed
Are mixed with the good in each,
And deep in his soul is the human need
That Heaven alone can reach.

The monarch has laws he must obey
And burdens he must bear,
He envies the peasant, many a day,
His lack of kingly care;
And both look into the same fair sky,
Fenced with its golden stars,
And wonder what vast treasures lie
Behind those glittering bars.

LOVE'S SLAVERY

On the low levels of my love for thee
I talk of its pure passion as of *chains*
That bind my soul in gold-linked slavery,
A willing bondage, yet not free from pains.

But when love once has reached the hill-tops, high
Above the murky sphere where "mine and thine"
Hold feud forever, all in vain I try
To find betwixt our souls a bounding line.

I would not be thy slave, though servitude
To thee exceed rule of another's heart,
Bonds chafe, chains clank, and in some moment rude
The servant and his lord perforce may part.

O love, for us the sweet slave life is done,
The perfect *union* of our souls begun.

AFTER SEPARATION

You are here, O my love, at my side
And I struggle to keep
My starved spirit from reeling
In the tumult and toss of the tide
That sweeps in from the unsounded, deep,
Shoreless ocean of feeling.

The time has been long, dearest heart,
But a moment of this
Would make balance for ages;
It were kind to keep lovers apart,
If, at meeting, God give them such bliss
As comes now for our wages.

I am learning the meaning at last
Of the speech of my kind,
Often heard, little heeded;
Press your lips to my lips, hold me fast,
O my love; I was sick, I was blind;
Heaven knew what I needed.

PAIN

I knew not pain till I had felt my soul
Sweep outward on a wide, wild sea of love,
And then had seen the friendly stars above
Fade, one by one, and cold, gray silence roll
Into the heaven where tender thoughts had hung
To light me o'er the silver-crested foam.
"O shivering soul," I cried, "come home, come home,
Night's dews are cold, thy cloak from thee is flung,
He loves thee not, or if he loves, he shares
His heart with other suppliants beside thee;
It is not well in fruitless agony
To spend the hours; betake thee to thy prayers."
Then bruised and blind my soul turned to the land,
But moaned all night upon the yellow sand.

LIFE

A golden gleam between the past and present,
  A feeble, flickering, unearthly flame;
A light that flashes up amidst the darkness
  And fades again as quickly as it came.

A wave that rises noiseless from the ocean
  And breaks with soft, sad moaning on the shore;
A white-capped wave that lifts its crest to heaven
  And sinks into the silent deep once more.

A sudden, startled strain that strikes at evening
  Through all the slumbering air from hill to hill;
A strange child-song of mingled mirth and madness
  That wakes a wayward echo, and is still.

A silver-sheeted spectre-form that wanders
  On some mysterious shore at dead of night,
A moment weeps its woes, then wingless rises
  Into the chambers of the infinite.

FAIRY-FOLK

Time in its mysterious flight
  Circles many a common thing
With a mystic wreath of light,
  All its earth-stains shadowing.

In the dimness of the past
  Human faces grow divine,
The soft shadows deepening fast
  Into living shapes combine.

From the darkness men advance,
  All their common speech enlarged
Into sacred utterance
  With portentous meaning charged.

From the hush of buried years,
  From the silent ages flown,
Every voice that greets our ears
  Has a strange, prophetic tone.

Backward to her legend-lore
  Time with fixed forefinger points,
And the fairy-tales of yore
  With the oil of truth anoints;

Bids us think her ages old
  Swarmed with shapes no longer seen,
Nymphs and gnomes of wood and wold,
  Fauns and fairies on the green.

Dull indeed the world would be
  Must we search the grottoed plain,
Dusky wood, or caverned sea
  For these shadowy friends in vain.

O ye godlike shapes of men,
  Sprites of grove, and sea, and shore,
Mossy meadow, field, and fen,
  Live with us forevermore.

Though to science ye are strange,
  Born of faith and mystery,
Though ye must no longer range
  Fields of sober history,

Still ye sylphs of ages old,
  Spirits of the woods and storms,
Elves and ogres, shy and bold,
  Dreadful dragons, fairy forms,

In our days of childish glee
  Hold high carnival and reign;
Weave the web of dreams and be
  Ministers to later pain.

CHILDREN OF THE SUN

A sunflower tall by the garden wall
Scornfully nodded his head
To a brilliant poppy whose cheeks below
Were all aflame with a crimson glow.

"I am the child of the sun," he smiled,
"His color is mine, you see;
Yellow am I to my outmost rim,
While you — how little you look like him."

But the poppy gay still blushing away,
(And laughing a little too,)
Quietly answered, "The sun has told
Me to be red, and you to be gold.

"The morning's hush, and the poppy's blush
Are dear to the heart of day
As the noontide hour with its triumphs won,
And the flower that rivals the glowing sun.

"Heaven is large, and its chiefest charge
Is that life shall be broad and free,
And it bids the children of sun and storm
Ne'er to a single type conform."

The sunflower wise looked down in surprise
At the bold little flower below,
But he learned a lesson there and then
That needs to be learned by many men.

TO A DOUBTER

I cannot say "Believe" to thee
  Whose lips from thought's clear springs have drunk,
  The questions of the age have sunk
Deep in thy quivering soul, I see.

For I should hear thee rightly say,
  "Whate'er is true, thy well-turned speech
  Doth not the mind's recesses reach
Nor light the spirit's hidden way."

Thy soul for certainty is sick,
  While they who wrangle over forms,
  Untroubled by faith's fiercer storms
Feed well on sweets of rhetoric.

I see thee like a long caged bird,
  Thou beat'st thy bars with broken wing,
  And flutter'st, feebly echoing
The far-off music thou hast heard.

Oblivion tempts thee, yet be wise,
  Walk on awhile in storm and shade,
  These ghosts that haunt thy feet may fade;
Thought hath its cock-crow and sunrise.

Perhaps the unseen plan shall prove
  More than thy noblest longings crave;
  Thy life may sweep beyond the grave
Into a universe of love,

Where doubt may cease, wrong turn to right,
  God's diverse ways be reconciled,
  And thou so long His orphan child
Meet Him upon the hills of light.

DESPONDENCY

Let the age its discords shrill
Madly shriek from hill to hill;
"*Thou* art tired, best be still."

Dost thou think its wrongs to right,
Wilt thou try to cure its spite?
Tears shall quickly blind thy sight.

Stronger hands than thine have failed,
Braver hearts than thine have quailed,
By its weapons coarse assailed.

Pharisees in Church and state
Sit in plenty at its gate;
Prophets do but rouse its hate.

Custom is the Church's god,
Greed walks openly abroad;
Truth sits weeping on the sod.

Let the age its discords shrill
Madly shriek from hill to hill;
Thou art powerless, best be still.

THE SUICIDE

His heart was breaking, breaking,
'Neath loads of care and wrong;
Who blames the man for taking
What life denied so long?

She promised rest and gladness;
She mocked him o'er and o'er;
She bathed with seas of sadness
His spirit's island shore.

She bade him lightness borrow
Beneath her trees of yew,
Though all the dreadful sorrow
Of the dark world he knew.

He had no mind to flatter
An age with falsehood drest;
She hated him; no matter,
The man is now at rest.

He begged for light from heaven,
No light his soul could see;
He snatched what was not given;
He sleeps, now let him be.

His heart was breaking, breaking
'Neath loads of care and wrong;
Heaven must not blame his taking
What she denied so long.

MATTHEW ARNOLD

As he who seeks to know the depths that lie
Beneath his feet with patience gropes his way,
By aid of scarpèd cliff and mountain high
And fossil fragment new to history,
Down to the lowest rocks, once pliant clay,
So thou with thy clear-penetrating eye
Hast looked below the surface mind of man,
And, loving truth, hast helped us classify
As Glacial or Silurian, thoughts that lie
In layers deep with little seeming plan.

Yet, too, a poet, far from things like these,
Past ruddy Mars and distant Pleiades,
To thought's high spheres thou lead'st our lagging feet,
Where all the plan of life is shown complete.

A HERETIC

I knew a man (O that he still were here)
  Who in an age of falsehood cared for truth,
  Who loved the uncorrupt ideals of youth,
And through the shams of later life saw clear.

While others worshipped idols he drew near
  The heart of things, and there into his face
  God looked, and he in God's, till all the grace
That in the aureoles of saints appear

Seemed thrown, a rich divineness, round his head,
  And light such as the old saints never knew
  Swept through his mind. The church to thought too
      dead
To feel the worth of men like him, withdrew

Her sympathy; "He wages not my strife,"
She said. But Truth was richer for his life.

THE OLD CHURCH AND THE NEW

[Written in Stockbridge, Massachusetts]

The chorus of cutters' chisels
  Chipping the limestone rock,
Begins as the hour of seven
  Tolls from the tower clock,
Chipping! Chipping! Chipping!
  No music to me so sweet
As the sound of the cutters' chisels
  In the sheltered village street.

A row of tireless workmen
  Under the spreading trees,
Not a sound save their cutting
  Borne on the freshening breeze,
Chipping, chipping, chipping,
  With patience and skill and care,
Stones for a sightly temple,
  A shrine of praise and prayer.

Standing in modest beauty
  From the travelled street aloof,
In a mantle of climbing ivy
  Cloaked from base to roof,
Dear to the village people
  Who had watched its walls grow gray,
Was the old church, in whose shadow
  They had knelt for years to pray;

Now with the stones from the quarry
Hid in the neighboring hill
Another church is rising,
'Tis true with nobler skill,
But the chorus of cutters' chisels
Awakes not cheer but gloom —
As if the men were chipping
Stones for a general tomb.

To some the old church glittered
With the light of the marriage morn,
For some it kept sweet memories
Of each new baby born;
While some remembered chiefly
How its aisles had oft been pressed
By the feet of those that carried
Parent or child to rest.

But the sound of the cutters' chisels
Is borne on the fitful breeze,
And a better church is rising
Under the ancient trees;
Though some of the village people
Will love till their latest breath,
The old church with its record
Of marriage, birth, and death.

So, in this age of progress,
The old to the new gives way,
We live for the long tomorrow,
As well as the yesterday,

Chipping, chipping, chipping
  Stones that the world shall place
In the nobler human temple
  She is rearing now apace.

We live for the long tomorrow
  With its triumphs but begun,
When truth shall drop its shackles,
  And sin and shame be done,
Chipping, chipping, chipping,
  With a faith ne'er felt before,
Stones for a church whose towers
  Shall stand forevermore.

THE ANGEL SLEEP

When the day is done and the shadows fall
Over the earth like a dusky pall,
From cloistered halls in the hidden deep
Rises the beautiful Angel Sleep.

Over forest and field he spreads his wings,
Where the cricket chirps and the wood-bird sings,
And the murmur of voices dies away,
Stilled by the Angel, calm and gray.

The passions of men that surge and swell
Are mastered soon by his mighty spell,
And weary spirits, and eyes that weep
Yield to the power of the Angel Sleep.

We call him Death, 'tis the Angel Sleep
That comes at last from the hidden deep,
And passing his hand o'er the brow of care
Subdues the wild delirium there;

So we sleep and rest till the dawn comes near
Of the day of the spirit, calm and clear,
When into his halls in the hidden deep
Flies forever the Angel Sleep.

WHEN NIGHT SHUTS IN

When night shuts in the wearied world
And Nature's work is done,
And every floating flag is furled
That caught the golden sun,
It seems as if Death's darkness hung
About the living deep,
But 'tis the silver shadow flung
By Death's twin-brother, Sleep.

When Death's mysterious night comes down,
And soul and sense are riven,
And not a smile and not a frown
Stirs the strange face of heaven,
It seems as if no sunlit morn
Would ever sweep the sky,
As if the spirit had been born
To slumber endlessly.

But who can think oblivion's tide
Shall never backward roll?
Who dare believe no mansions wide
Await the sentient soul?
We sink in shadow, and the night
Tents in our timorous fears,
We wait the morrow's sun to light
Our lives to loftier spheres.

TOWARD THE WEST

Faster, faster move my feet,
Morning breezes, noonday heat,
Both behind me, as earth's guest
I advance toward the west.

Amber clouds bedecked my morn,
Noon in mellow light was born,
Kindly shades now cloak the crest
Of the hill that hides the west.

Beautiful has been my road,
Love's clear springs have often flowed
To my lips and given me rest,
In my journey to the west;

Friends who kept my heart in tune
Oft have come from dale and dune
With sweet comfort, when distrest
I moved blindly toward the west.

O those friendships of the way,
Never shall their roots decay,
In their branches green I nest
From the cold winds of the west.

What the future holds in store
I have questioned o'er and o'er,
Shall I in oblivion rest
When I reach the silent west,

Or beyond death's portals wide
Shall my powers unsatisfied
To diviner tasks be prest,
In the fair fields of the west?

Faster, faster move my feet,
Morning breezes, noonday heat,
Both behind, for I, earth's guest,
Swift approach the purple west.

THE WHALING TOWN

Adze and hammer and anvil-stroke
  Echo not on the shore,
The wharves are crumbling, old and gray,
  And the whale-ships come no more.

Grass grows thick in the empty streets,
  And moss o'er the blackened roofs,
And the people are roused to wonderment
  At the sound of horses' hoofs.

There's not a woman in all the town
  But keeps in memory
The face of a husband, a lover, a friend,
  Lost, she says, at sea;

Lost in the days when in every storm
  Some well-known ship went down,
And mothers wept, and fathers prayed,
  In the little whaling town,

When food was gained by toil as now,
  But not in the fields at noon,
For the toiler's sickle, scythe, or plow
  Was the fisherman's harpoon,

When every sail the children saw
  As they tossed the sparkling sand,
Came from the storehouse of the sea
  With light to cheer the land.

Adze and hammer and anvil-stroke
  Echo not on the shore,
The fields are tilled, and the people know
  Less heart-ache than of yore,

But still to the edge of the rotting wharves
  The tides from day to day
Come with an eager wish to bear
  The whalers' craft away,

And many an aged mariner looks
  Across the tumbling sea
And dreams that the strong-built ships are there
  As thick as they used to be.

LOMBARDY POPLARS

Before the planters' houses old
They stand like statues, stern and cold,
Of foreign lineage proud to be,
The poplars tall of Lombardy.

Soft-clustering lilacs droop below
O'er banks of lustrous golden glow,
And purple foxgloves bend to greet
Green spangled mosses at their feet,

But they look on with moveless face,
Nor yield to friendliness or grace
In blossoming vine or bush or tree,
The poplars tall of Lombardy.

Why passed New England's yeomen by
Their native woods indifferently,
Refused the oak and maple fair,
And gracious elm with breeding rare,

And these grim strangers from the Po,
All taciturn and hard to know,
Transplanted here, unloved to be,
The poplars tall of Lombardy?

The hearts of that undaunted band
Who left in wrath the motherland
Contemned the syren beauty's charm,
Or shunned her features in alarm;

They feared, perhaps, the landscape bare
Would false become if it grew fair,
Wide-branching elms might cloak in shade
Some graceless thing old earth had made,

But sin or schism could never shield
From sleepless watch by dyke or field
Of sentries strict as these would be,
The poplars tall of Lombardy.

So they were set in rows severe,
From sunny spring to autumn sere
Like mutes at funeral feasts to stand,
While joy should bourgeon in the land.

And now they gaze, outworn and old,
The men who loved them turned to mould,
On scarce a friend this side the sea,
The poplars tall of Lombardy.

ONCE AGAIN THE SUMMER DIES

Once again the summer dies,
Not with dirge and deep despair,
Not with moanings to the air,
Not with wildly-weeping skies.

Once again the summer dies,
Conscious that her strength is spent,
Yet with measureless content
Breathing out her last good-byes.

Once again the summer dies,
Ruddy bloom to riper yields,
Nature plays in woods and fields
Sensuous colour-symphonies.

Once again the summer dies,
Purple grapes and yellow corn
Deck the bier so softly borne
To the chamber where she lies.

Once again the summer dies,
Tender lights on sea and shore
Seek the soul, untouched before,
With soft importunities.

Once again the summer dies,
But the walls of death are thin,
And the spirit cased within
Waits the kiss of living skies.

THE EAST AND THE WEST

Thou far down from the crest
In the glow of the morning sun,
The peak for me overpast
In the march of my life to the west —
And I know not which is the best.

Thou with thy zeal and zest,
I with the strife near done —
A brook that floweth fast,
Or a lake that lies at rest;
And I know not which is the best.

Thou with truth as thy quest,
And the goal thou thinkest in view,
I with a milder hope,
Though still to duty prest —
And I know not which is the best.

Thy faith in rose-tint drest,
Mine in a soberer hue,
From the light on the eastern slope,
Or the gray of the darkening west—
And I know not which is the best.

Yet over the hill's high crest
Sometimes I turn to thee,
And side by side for an hour,
To love's sweet task addrest,
We walk, the east and the west.

My spirit then at rest
Like the waves of a summer sea,
A passive thrall of thy power,
No longer makes request
Or asks of worst or best.

THOU ART MY GUIDING STAR

Thou art my guiding star,
  Swing not in heaven too high,
For earth from heaven is far,
  I need thee nigh.

Thou art my guiding star,
  When thou reignst o'er the night
No mist can rise to mar
  My soul's delight.

Thou art my guiding star,
  If I am ever led
Beyond the harbour bar,
  My courage stead.

Thou art my guiding star,
  Should I on some strange sea
Make voyage with broken spar,
  Keep close to me.

Be, love, my guiding star
  Till churlish clouds are past,
And I from journeying far
  Come home at last.

'TWERE BETTER TO LOVE

"'Tis better to have loved and lost
Than never to have loved at all."

'Twere better to love, though the heart be broken,
Than to sit alone, from passion free,
Never to have a sign or token
Of the life that deepest lies in thee.

'Twere better to love, though peace should never
Softly climb to thy soul again,
Than to live the blinded life forever
Of barren-hearted, loveless men.

'Twere better far that the gates, in shadow,
Of heaven, should once have come in view,
Than that thou till death, from thy dull meadow,
Shouldst never have seen the pearl and blue.

THE PIPES OF PAN

O voiceless poet, find the pipes of Pan,
  A torrent of sweet song lies back of thee,
  Time is too short to voice the melody
Created for thee ere the world began.

O voiceless poet, find the pipes of Pan,
  Nor try to slake men's thirst with common speech,
  Its own divinest lessons Truth must teach
In music, to the throbbing ears of man.

O voiceless poet, find the pipes of Pan,
  They are thine own familiar river-reeds,
  Inspire our earth-bound souls to nobler deeds,
Stir the soft air our fevered lips to fan.

I WATCH THE SHIPS

I watch the ships by town and lea
With sails full set glide out to sea,
Till by the distant light-house rock
The breakers beat with roar and shock,
And crisp foam whitening all the decks;
While deep below lie ocean's wrecks,
What careth she!

I stand beside the beaten quay
And look while laden ships from sea
Come proudly home upon the tide
Like conquering kings, at eventide;
Or from fierce fights with wintry gales
Steal harbourward with tattered sails,
O cruel sea!

I pass the ancient moss-grown pier
Where men have waited year by year
For ships that ne'er again shall glide
By town and lea on favouring tide,
Strong ships that struggled till the gales
Of winter hid their shrouds and sails
In ocean drear.

With sails full set young spirits glide
From harbour, on a sea untried,
To breast the waves and bear the shocks
Beyond the guarded light-house rocks,
To strive with tempests many a year;
Strong souls, indeed, if they can bear
Life's wind and tide!

I watch beside the beaten quay
The surf bring back all joyously
To anchor by the sheltered shore
Souls laden deep with precious ore,
Or spices won from perfumed sands
Of rich, luxuriant tropic lands —
O kindly sea!

But some come back on wintry gales
With broken spars and shattered sails
And fling to shore a feeble rope;
While many a loving heart in hope
Waits on for ships that nevermore
Shall anchor by a friendly shore,
O sad, sad sea!

FOUNDRY FIRES

See the foundry fires gleaming
With strange, meteoric light,
Listen to the anvils ringing
Measured music on the night;
Clanking, clinking, never shrinking,
Strike the iron, mould it well,
On the progress of the nations
Each determined stroke shall tell.

Showers of fiery sparks are falling
Thick about the workmen's feet,
Some are carried by the night wind
Far along the winding street;
Clanking, clinking, never shrinking,
Labour lifts her arm on high,
And the sparks fly from her anvils
Out upon the darkened sky.

In the quickened glow of feeling,
'Neath the anvil strokes of thought,
Ancient errors disappearing,
Nobler creeds to birth are brought;
Clanking, clinking, never shrinking,
Strike the truth, yea, mould it well,
On the progress of the nations
Each unswerving stroke shall tell.

Crude the mass time's fiery forges
  At your eager feet have hurled,
Centuries of toil must follow
  Ere ye shape a perfect world;
Yet with clanking, clinking, clanking,
  Strike the iron, shape the truth,
Knowledge is at last beginning,
  Thought is in its lusty youth.

O ye forgemen of the nations,
  Keep the world's great fires alight,
Let the sparks fly from your anvils
  All along the roads of night;
Clanking, clinking, never shrinking,
  Work till stars fade, and the morn
Of diviner faith and feeling
  In the radiant east is born.

THE STREET ORGAN

An organ grinding below in the street,
You smile that I think the music sweet,
And you think it strange that I love to listen,
And stranger still that tear-drops glisten
In my eyes, where so seldom a tear is seen;

Ah, if you knew how many things,
Like twilight-birds with silver wings,
Come back with these simple airs to me
Over the leagues of summer sea
My boyhood self and me between;

If you knew that a voice I am hungry to hear
Spoke thro' the music, plaintive, clear,
That a face appeared as the old tunes play,
A face I have longed for night and day
And never see except in my dreams,

You would not wonder I stop and listen,
You would not wonder that tear-drops glisten
In my eyes, as down to the street below
A few poor pennies I gently throw
For the grinder to snatch from the passing teams.

FLOOD TIDE

The tide came up as the sun went down,
And the river was full to its sedgy brim,
And a little boat crept up to the town
On the muddy wave, at evening dim;

But that slender skiff with its reed-like oar
Brought news to the town that broke its sleep,
And the people were startled as never before,
And a harvest of pain was theirs to reap:

Brought news of a wreck that the rower had seen
Off in the bay in a boisterous gale;
Common enough, such things, I ween,
Yet the women cried and the men were pale.

Strange that so tiny a craft could bring
Tidings to plunge a town in tears;
Ay me! and how often some trivial thing
Makes wreck of the loftiest hope of years.

O none but the angel with silver wings,
That watches the river and wards the town,
Is ware of the woe each evening brings,
As the tide comes up and the sun goes down!

THE VIRGIN'S SHRINE

Who kneels in silent rapture on the sod
  In open sky, or on the marble floor
  Of some dark church his soul's true prayers says o'er
Adores the holy motherhood of God.

The shrine of Mary is not reverenced less
  By men whose feet are swift, whose arms are strong,
  Than by sweet woman-souls to whom belong
By right maternity and gentleness.

All lofty things in our conception meet
  In the divine, all beautiful and good;
  The sterner attributes of Fatherhood
Alone make not for man a God complete.

If we at Mary's altars best may feel
God's true maternity, there should we kneel.

ANSWER OF A DESPONDENT SOUL

You tell me that life may have songs or sighs
  As men shall elect their lot,
This is one of your winning lies,
  In childish faith begot;

A favoured few to the purple born
  Make sport of the threats of chance,
Look at the race, oppressed and worn,
  Poor slaves of circumstance!

We may take what we will our strength to stay,
  Fine wheaten bread, or a stone,
We may walk in the sun the livelong day,
  Or move in the shade alone;

We may gather a store of hope or doubt,
  Grow warm at the fires of love,
Or freeze in the open fields without,
  A wintry sky above: —

I pray you look over the walls of your creed,
  Heaven-sentried and staunch as they seem,
At the manacled shapes of human need
  With which the ages teem;

At the quivering hearts that creak and strain
  In the trough of a maddened sea,
At the sinewy hands that seek in vain
  Strong opportunity.

What we are given we have, and fate
  (Name it God if you will) *may* be kind,
But she shuts in our face the iron gate
  Of her plan, and keeps us blind.

We sit in the midst of a clamouring crowd
  Of priests and lettered men,
But we find that they only babble loud
  Of things beyond their ken;

We peer through the mists that fall like night
  On our island's shifting sand,
But there never comes a gleam of light
  From any larger land;

If worlds have been made where we may mend
  Our life-work, soiled and torn,
If heavens can be found where come to end
  The griefs our hearts have borne,

No soul has come back of the dead we love
  To tell us whether they lie
In the silent blue of the arch above,
  Or in some subjective sky.

What is left? 'Tis to hope, and take our wage
From whatever powers there be;
But to scorn with the scorn of a truthful age
All cheap philosophy.

IT MATTERS MUCH

Whether I live in the crowded town,
Or in spacious lands beside the sea,
Since the curtain of life so soon comes down
What difference can it make to me,
But whether I feel the trembling touch
Of the hand of need, where'er it be,
This matters much.

Whether the breezes from sweet fields blow
Through my spirit's halls in tenderness,
Or, bleak from the hills of ice and snow
Give me a foe's unkind caress,
If only I have the love of such
As long for a brother's tenderness,
I care not much.

For life with its toil and pain and sin
Leaves every spirit tired at best,
And I trow of the care that lodges in
Many a soul that seems at rest;
So I pray that Heaven through my hand's touch
May healing bring some hearts unblest —
This matters much!

NOT IN VAIN

Though angry tempests plough the sea
And hide the heavens at night,
Life is not lived in vain if we
Keep simple truth in sight.
In following it the soul shall find
Some sweet, secluded bay,
Where doubts that long have chased the mind
Shall shrink and fade away.

Life is not lived in vain if we
In cold mid-winter's gloom
May clothe one barren, leafless tree
With copious summer bloom;
To braid the luminous stars again
Across some darkened sky —
This is heaven's own true task for men
To compass, ere they die!

COMPELLING THOUGHTS

Pity the man who has no gift of speech
  For those compelling thoughts, that peace and pain,
That press unsought from the remoter reach
  Of mind and soul to the near heart and brain;

Who plucks a wild-flower in a dewy field,
  Or lifts a pebble from the dusty road,
And reverent reads the secrets Truth has sealed
  In the small flower or stone, of man and God;

Who sees beneath the sunset's red and gold,
  Behind the silver silence of the stars,
Visions like those vouchsafed to seers of old,
  Yet fate keeps dumb, or from fit utterance bars.

What joy is his who has an open eye
  For the great truths concealed in rocks and trees,
Discerns the thoughts of God in earth and sky,
  And has the power to tell men what he sees.

IF I COULD HAVE IT BACK

If I could have it back,
The sweet expectancy I used to feel
When time was young, and all my dreams were real,
And endless years seemed held in trust for me,
How glad my heart would be.

If I could have it back,
The fond forgetfulness I used to know
Of all the petty ills that plagued me so,
As soon as night's kind shadows round me fell,
Again I'd love life well.

If I could have it back,
The treasure lost in bogs of blind mistake,
Could bid the remorseless past to pity wake
And once again restore to me my right,
O I would hold it tight.

I cannot have them back,
The flood that moved the mill has swept to sea,
The treasures gone will not return to me;
But if through loss above myself I rise,
Such loss my soul must prize.

PEARLS THAT ARE RAREST

Pearls that are rarest
  Hide lowest in sea,
Flowers that are fairest
  Most perishing be,

Sunshine the brightest
  Comes soonest to rain,
Hearts that are lightest
  Sink lowest in pain.

Go with the divers
  Down under the wave,
Patientest strivers
  Best jewels shall have,

Live with the roses,
  Though fleeting are they,
When summer closes
  Their perfume shall stay;

Treasure the sorrow
  That breaketh thy rest,
Through it tomorrow
  Thy soul shall be blest.

LOVE LETTERS

Who keeps not somewhere safely stored away,
  Like jewels in a casket quaint, from view,
  A bundle of love-letters, old or new,
Yellow with age, or fresh as buds of May?

Who, sometimes, in the silence of the night,
  With stealthy fingers does not draw them forth,
  Dear tender treasures, not of common worth,
And live the old love o'er that suffered blight?

Yes, here are mine, not faded yet with years,
  Sometimes I laugh at the old tender flame
  That kindled them, but is it any shame
To whisper they are wet, tonight, with tears?

What strange, persistent power love has to hold
Its life, though all its ashes have grown cold.

THE HEARTH IS COLD

The hearth is cold, the fire no more
  Glows in the twilight gray,
'Tis colder, colder, than before
  The bright flame had its way.

Love's fire is quenched, its glow is o'er,
  Its ashes now are gray,
My heart is colder than before
  The red flame had its way.

I shall remember it no more,
  This passion of a day,
But I am glad, though it is o'er,
  The fire *once* had its way.

THE MYSTERY

Restless world I love thee well,
  Sparkle of the sunlit sea,
Flitting shapes on moor and fell,
  Nature's colour-mystery;

But, wide world, thy *raptures* lie
  In the love-warp in thy plan,
The deep colour-mystery
  Of the love of man for man.

THE MEADOW-LANDS

The tide flows in and out and leaves
  Luxuriance on the meadow lands,
The barren mould with power enweaves
  And fertile makes the sterile sands.

The meadow-lands of life lie bare,
  The tide comes up, the tide recedes,
The muddy wave's residuum there
  Creates the soil for lofty deeds.

Mysterious tides that silent creep
  Across the meadows of my soul,
And from the nameless nether-deep
  Your silt of joy and sorrow roll,

This waste turn to a field of flowers,
  And foster many a noble tree,
Make fruitful all the barren powers
  That lie unwakened yet in me.

SMALL AND GREAT

The ripple that stirs on the sea of thought
  As we drop our smallest question there,
Into the ocean's life is wrought
  And moves it everywhere.

Who strikes a chord in the human soul,
  Be he labourer, poet, priest, or sage,
Makes music that rings from pole to pole,
  And lasts from age to age.

The feeblest prayer that to heaven flies
  Has infinite power beneath its wing,
And the treasure of peace it brings from the skies
  Is not a foreign thing.

For all is in each, and each in all,
  'Twixt Heaven and Earth there is no line,
The small is the great, the great the small,
  And truth is mine and thine.

I PLUCKED A DAISY

I plucked a daisy from the sand,
A white field-daisy, carelessly,
I saw it tremble in my hand
And cast a piteous glance at me;

Its sisters seemed to chide me too,
Enclustered thick beside the way,
And beg me, since their hours were few
At best, in peace to let them stay.

Then as they bent their golden heads,
Rimmed close with bonnets snowy-white,
Tears seemed to come like silver beads
From their soft eyes, and dim the night.

O little daisies of the sod,
One law controls your life and mine,
Ye are the humblest flowers of God,
But ye like man are half divine,

And as ye cheer the dusty walk,
And whiten all the meadows fair,
I see a spirit on each stalk
That moves responsive to the air.

Bloom on, bloom on, nor shrink from me,
Ye too are of the sunlight fond,
I will not mar your pleasure free,
I will not break your life's sweet bond.

PEASANT AND KING

There's little to choose in this world of ours
'Twixt the peasant and the King,
Though the monarch has music, wine, and flowers,
And a noble signet ring,
While the peasant sports on the village green
In a suit of homespun gray;
The pleasure of one is just as keen
As the other's, every way.

Each carries a heart that sings and sighs
By turns, as the changes come,
Each finds in his lot some sad surprise
At which his lips grow dumb;
Passion and pride and lust and greed
Are mixed with the good in each,
And heavy are both with a hidden need
That heaven alone can reach.

The monarch has laws he must obey
And burdens he must bear,
The peasant is anxious every day,
Though not from kingly care —
And both look up to the same great sky,
Fenced thick with golden stars,
And crave a glimpse of the worlds that lie
Behind those glittering bars.

ARTHURIAN DAYS

Who weep the good Arthurian days,
When men were brave and women fair,
And knights to battle strode,
Acknowledge ye the meed of praise
That all deserve who do and dare
Along life's dangerous road.

Who read inspired Arthurian lays
To gallant knights and ladies fair,
And love in morning-tide,
Rejoice that in less amorous days
Romantic thrills are everywhere
That youthful hearts abide.

Who kindle at the Arthurian blaze
Fresh fires of pity in the soul
For hopes by sorrow slain,
Forget not in your own sad days
The myriad mournful bells that toll
The world's incessant pain.

Who weep the good Arthurian days,
When men were brave and women fair,
And gallant deeds gave power,
Keep tryst with truth, and seek the praise
That loyal souls must ever share
With knighthood's noblest flower.

A FIRE OF STRAW

A fire of straw in field or town
  Obscures the bluest skies,
Today's complaining echoes drown
  Time's grandest harmonies;

One trifling error on the page
  Full satisfaction mars,
So earth's stray swamp-lights more engage
  The mind, than heaven's great stars.

Man's deepest instincts bid him rise
  Among the rose-red spheres,
But foolish custom, when he tries,
  Enchains him fast with fears,

So on he goes from day to day,
  His best thoughts suffering blight,
When all the time his soul should stay
  In worlds of love and light.

THE POET PASSED MY WAY

The poet passed my way,
  Scattering about him sheaves of splendid flowers,
Red, white, and golden-gay,
  Plucked from his soul's wide garden beds and bowers.

"These are earth's common blooms,
  Fine-petalled, fragrant, fragile as the rest,
A few to deck my rooms
  I'll gather," said I, following toward the west;

But in a moment more,
  Stooping to lift my treasures from the sod
I found the Poet bore,
  Not flowers, but great thoughts, rooted deep in God.

THE POET'S WORLD

Far-reaching poet mind, nor metes nor bounds
  May prophets uninspired affix for thee,
  Thy continent is a shore without a sea,
A land unmarred by common sights or sounds.

"Be satisfied," men cry, "with what we teach,
  There is no safety in untrodden ways!"
  Then call contemptuously in thy dispraise:
"Song is but song, Truth loves staid thought and speech!"

But thou, with music melting thee to tears,
  Find'st hidden melodies in the common creeds,
  And piping softly on thy various reeds
Art deaf to all their foolish frets and fears.
Sing then thy strains, no longer voiceless be,
A world of unspent song lies back of thee.

THE AWAKENING

Too long my soul has lain in sordid sleep,
  Floating, it seemed, on thin and shallow seas;
At last, aroused, I look into the deep
  And there behold unfathomed mysteries.

O love, sweet love, what gift is thine to show
  The spirit's depths profound, what sorcerer's power
To make the hidden currents seen that flow
  From roots of thought to friendship's leaf and flower.

I am at last more human with my kind,
  More reverent grown, no longer in the sod
The wearied heart's last resting place I find,
  For I have learned man's higher self is God,

Of whom no sage on earth, no saint above,
Can say a greater thing than, "He is Love!"

DEEPENING THE CHANNEL

A rocky channel from the harbour led
  The ships to sea, a blue but shallow sound
With surging tides, upon whose treacherous bed
  The keels of heavy vessels ground and ground.

The channel must be deepened, men agree,
  And so, great thunderous blasts of rock they blew,
And all the sleepy sands were dredged,—till, free
  From fear, the heaviest ships went safely through.

We fret and foam, as if our surface tide
  Were fathoms deep, and never know the truth
Till love or sorrow through the water ride
  And grate its keel upon the sands of youth;

God cleaves the rock beneath the channel blue,
And then his noblest ships sail safely through.

AT GRANDMOTHER'S

Under the shade of the poplars still,
  Lilacs and locusts in clumps between,
Roses over the window sill,
  Is the dear old house, with its door of green.

Never were seen such spotless floors,
  Never such shining rows of tin,
While the rose-leaf odours that came thro' the doors,
  Told of the peaceful life within.

Here is the room where the children slept,
  Grandmother's children tired with play,
And the famous drawer where the cakes were kept,
  Shrewsbury cookies, and caraway.

The garden walks where the children ran
  To smell the flowers and learn their names,
The children thought, since the world began
  Were never such garden walks for games.

There were tulips and asters in regular lines,
  Sweet-williams and marigolds on their stalks,
Bachelors' buttons and sweet-pea vines,
  And box that bordered the narrow walks.

Pure white lilies bloomed cornerwise
From sunflowers yellow and poppies red,
And the summer pinks looked up in surprise
At the kingly hollyhocks overhead.

Morning glories and larkspur stood
Close to the neighborly daffodil;
Cabbage roses and southernwood
Roamed thro' the beds at their own sweet will.

Many a year has passed since then,
Grandmother's house is empty and still,
Grandmother's babies have grown to men,
And the roses grow wild o'er the window sill;

Never again shall the children meet
Under the poplars gray and tall,
Never again shall the careless feet
Dance thro' the rose-leaf scented hall,

Grandmother's welcome is heard no more,
And the children are scattered far and wide,
And the world is a larger place than of yore;
But hallowed memories still abide,

And the children are better men to-day
For the cakes and rose-leaves and garden walks,
And grandmother's welcome, so far away,
And the old sweet-williams on their stalks.

TO WYATT EATON, PAINTER

There is crape on the studio door
And none pass in today,
And the sunlight on the floor
Falls cold and gray,
And the painter's head on his hands is bent
In grief's first strange bewilderment.

He has brought a flower of gold,
The daffodil of her France,
It lies in her fingers cold,
A glittering lance,
And he lives once more with her alone
The blissful life of Barbizon.

Again they climb the hill
And gaze at the sunset-glow,
Or sit in the shadows still
Of Fontainebleau,
And she bids him compass with his art
The beautiful things of eye and heart.

So there come from the master's hand
Works done in strength and power,
As the summer's growths expand
In sun and shower,

And her love makes radiant all his life,
  And he blesses God for the gift of his wife.

But sorrow stands by the shrine
  In the inmost room of his soul
And bids him drink the wine
  In her silver bowl;
And his nerves are strings in a harp of pain,
  And he bows his head in grief again.

Strange that we never know
  Our own till they are dead,
That life's best harvests grow
  When life is sped,
That love comes not to its fullest birth
  'Til our lips have echoed, "Earth to earth!"

Crape on the studio door,
  A cheerless light within,
A heart that shall feel no more
  Earth's care and sin;
And a strong man's life on which the blight
  Of a purpose gone has fallen like night.

WHERE ARE YE NOW?

Spirit enlinked in love with ours so tightly,
Hands that clasped hands with us and held us long,
Heart never clad in sorrow's weeds unsightly,
Lips always tempered to uplifting song,
Where are ye now?

I ask the winds that fan my forehead lightly,
Some message clear to bring and ease my pain,
I ask the stars that burn above me nightly
To break the silence, but I ask in vain,
Where are ye now?

I have so hungered for a voice to assure me
Ye have but passed into a riper sphere,
I have so hoped Heaven's angels kind would lure me
To some sweet spot where I might find thee near;
But hoped in vain.

And I shall still keep questioning in sorrow
Till I am held no more earth's fettered thrall;
Then others on that not far-off tomorrow,
If I am loved, for me shall sometimes call
Where are ye now?

RESIGNATION

I ask no more that I may know
The way God has for me,
I only care that He shall show
My duty momently,

At first I sought with restless mind
To know the entire way,
But now I am content to find
My path from day to day.

I am not idle, for it seems
That much on me depends,
But failing all my fondest dreams
I take what Heaven sends;

Not always gladly, but resigned,
I wait the Father's will,
Believing that though I am blind
He walks beside me still.

THE STILL HOUR

When the still hour draws near that I must die
I ask that in some western-windowed room,
Where I can see the sunset, I may lie,

I love so well the blue and green and gold
That fuse in liquid splendour, ere the gloom
Of evening settles and the day grows cold.

A single rose I crave beside my bed,
For I had once a bush of roses white,
Whose fragrance through my deepest soul was shed.

Let some one skilled in friendship hold my hand,
For all my life my peace has suffered blight
If none were near me who could understand.

I want no weeping, but I ask a prayer
That God would rob the evil I have done
Of harmful power, and make my influence fair.

Then as my breath grows fainter, and my eyes
Darken forever to the endearing sun,
Kissing my forehead, say your last good-byes.

IMMORTALITY

There are strange moments when the human dies
In us, and the divine our spirits bear
Rises supreme, and awful silence lies
Upon our seas, and lightest thought is prayer.

We question immortality on lower planes
And grope for arguments to end the strife;
We *are* immortal when the spirit reigns
And then are conscious of undying life.

Of immortality, till thou canst call
Thy soul, in reverence, such names as God
Is wont to bear, speak not; till thou canst fall
Before thyself, then rising from the sod
Of thine own humanness, in worlds above
Declare with him, "I am!" and "I am love!"

AN ORIENT PRAYER

"Having obtained tranquillity one is not troubled; and remaining in it even at the time of death, he passes on to extinction in the Supreme Spirit."

—*Bhagavad Gita.*

With undimmed eye
I listen to the wisdom old which saith:
Man shall be reabsorbed in God at death,
The human spirit is a deep-drawn breath
Of Him on high.

No living thing
Save man has ever dreamed of higher spheres
Wherein to taste delights the fleeting years
Have here denied, or compensate earth's fears
And suffering.

Sad hearts that pray,
Soft petalled crimson flowers that bloom and fade,
Trees that grow sturdier in storm and shade,
Begotten are they all of God, not made
Like cups of clay.

Why have we right
To some chief boon of immortality
Not given our brothers of the wood and sky —
Strong beasts, soft-fluttering wingèd birds, that fly
From light to light?

Then let me go
Into the long hereafter joyously,
To live, yet not to live apart from thee,
From thy great life the life now lent to me
No more to flow.

The Ocean vast
Has need of all his wayward waves and streams,
The Central Sun has need of all his beams;
It is full time these empty, isolate dreams
Of mine were past.

I turn to thee,
O thou great Father, Universal Soul,
Unheeding the false bells that seem to toll
Dead things; for *all* life's turbid rivers roll
Back to the sea.

O what can be
So grand for Nature or for Man, what fate
So lofty, as to sweep in solemn state
At evening through a majestic, open gate
To Deity!

HARVARD COMMENCEMENT

In Olden Days

When Cambridge elms are green, and many an oar
  Beneath the Charles' muddy wave is dipt,
  And Boston spires, Venetian-sunset tipt,
Watch gliding gondolas from shore to shore,

Then doth Fair Harvard open wide her door,
  And speak her annual welcome, magic-lipped,
  To all her sons, of age and honors stripped
Again, boys still at forty or fourscore.

Grave statesmen then drink healths from ruddy bowls,
  And Freshman follies laughingly recall,
  And reverend parsons, sober, spare, and tall,
Relax the tension of their long-strained souls.

O Cambridge elms, O College growing gray,
Guard well the secrets of Commencement-day!

PART III

POEMS OF THE CHURCH YEAR

WHEN SAINTS OF OLD

When saints of old sad vigil kept
Beside the brooks of Babylon,
And swathed in sackcloth, silent wept
Because the light of Heaven was gone,
Some prophet old, in desert dress,
Would raise his rugged voice and cry:
"Why sit ye here in such distress?
Ye ask deliverance, it is nigh,
Ye crave a monarch who shall show
Compassion for the suffering poor,
That sceptred king ye soon shall know,
His chariot wheels are at the door.

One starlit night a little child,
The King so long expected, came,
To still the sea of passion wild,
The sins that darken life to shame,
Deep in the conscience of the race
To light red judgment fires, whose gleam
Should penetrate the darkest place
Of human thought, or deed, or dream.
His throne was laid in law and love,
The crown he wore was righteousness,
Of the symbolic sacred dove
His signet had the sole impress.

Thus came he once, but every age
Beholds that sovereign come again,
The war with wrong afresh to wage,
The love to seek of sorrowing men,
And while we sit in vigil sad
Beside our brooks of Babylon,
And mourn because the world is mad,
And Truth's majestic empire done,
God's prophets, as in ages old
In Judah and in Galilee,
Proclaim that lust and love of gold
Shall not enthroned forever be,

But humbled to their rightful place
Of thralls and subject powers, shall stand
Subdued and meek before his face
Who sits at last in sole command;
That all the lies men love shall flee
Like ghosts that dread the approaching sun,
Whene'er the king in majesty
Declares the reign of error done;

That redder judgment fires shall glow,
And yet sweet love increase in power,
Till Time's mixed trumpets cease to blow
And earth has reached its final hour.

"DAY OF THE TRIUMPHANT SUN"

It is the Yule-tide conqueror,
The king of Mirth and Cheer,
We'll strew his way with garlands gay
As comes his chariot near,
With fragrant, feathery pine-boughs,
And cedar from the rocks,
And holly red, we'll wreathe his head
And bind his hoary locks.

At Yule our Saxon fathers
Built high their sacred fires,
And in the glow hung mistletoe
About their homes and byres,
And we their leal descendants,
Our Yule-tide feast begun,
With hearts as gay will own the sway
Of the "Triumphant Sun."

At Yule the goddess Berchta,
When shining Fahgravel
His lithe-limbed steed had driven with speed
Glad Spring's approach to tell,
Walked through the frozen furrows
And sprinkled sunshine there,
So corn and wheat sprang 'neath her feet
Upon the meadows bare.

And Odin the creator,
His fiery horse astride,
O'er land and sea rode wild and free
To check the Winter-tide;
And fountains from their prisons
With silvery songs burst forth,
And warriors gay sprang up to slay
The Giant of the North.

At Yule our homes are blazoned
With boughs of glittering green,
And signs of joy, without alloy,
Throughout the land are seen,
And Yule-tide fires are lighted,
And kindly carols sung,
And loud and low across the snow
Sweet chimes again are rung.

And sacred texts are circled
With wreaths of holly red,
And east and west the message blest
Christ brought mankind is spread;
For Christian memories holy
With Norse in friendship bide,
And Yule wears now upon her brow
The crown of Christmas-tide.

THERE CAME A KING

There came a King to Bethlehem town,
  Two thousand years gone by,
Who had no ermine robe or crown
  To mark His royalty,

Who found no throng to pave His road
  With palms, or carpets gay,
Nor palace rich for His abode,
  Nor courtiers to obey;

Yet empire vast awaited Him
  On mountain, moor, and main;
Even Europe's tangled forests dim
  Held subjects for His reign,

And soon confusion ceased to hold
  Uninterrupted power,
And some of earth's oppressions old
  Began to cringe and cower.

There came a King to Bethlehem town,
  Two thousand years gone by,
And angels from the heavens spoke down
  A royal prophecy,

That while the red sun's central flame
  Should warm the peopled spheres,
Though every other kingly name
  Lay dead among dead years,

This King should hold His state above
  The weakness of decay,
Because the eternal power of love
  Should base His throne alway.

There came a King to Bethlehem town,
  Two thousand years gone by,
And still He reigns, and still speaks down
  The angels' prophecy,

And some fair century yet to rise
  His power complete shall grow,
And all earth's sceptered cruelties
  Before His throne lie low.

EDER'S WATCH-TOWER

I love the soft incoming tide
  That breaks in showers of silver spray,
I love the dawn that opens wide
  The floodgates of the living day,

I love the harvest voice that speaks
  From each green blade of growing corn,
I love the first faint beam that breaks
  Across the heart in sorrow's morn,

But fairer than the silver tide,
  And brighter than the morning's flood
The light on Bethlehem's meadows wide
  Where Eder's ancient watch-tower stood.

O little town of Bethlehem
  Where Christ, the perfect man, was born,
What healing balm thou hast for them
  Whose feet are tired and travel-worn,

The angels' song thy shepherds heard
  Makes music still among the years,
Thou driest with thy magic word
  The piteous fount of human tears;

O fairer than the silver tide
And brighter than the morning's flood
The light across thy meadows wide,
Where Eder's ancient watch-tower stood.

THE ANGELS' SONG

When ancient faiths the Orient held
  Were crumbling to decay,
And blind mythologies of eld
  In mournful ruin lay,
The hungry-hearted world was given
  Truth unrevealed too long,
And from the glittering gates of heaven
  Swept forth the angels' song.

When o'er the blossoming fields of thought
  An autumn blight has come,
When every oracle we sought
  In happier days is dumb,
Sometimes the spaces wide are riven
  With strains delayed too long,
And from the glittering gates of heaven
  Comes down the angels' song.

When life shrieks discords everywhere
  And passion's dreadful cries
Make mad disharmony in the air
  And rend the tranquil skies,
Sweet, silvery flute-notes God has striven
  To make us hear too long
Steal from the glittering gates of heaven —
  The blessed angels' song.

O Christly choristers that first
  Sang down to Syrian men,
Let your melodious music burst
  Upon the world again,
Come to our spirits helpless driven
  On turbulent tides too long,
Then shall we see the gates of heaven
  And hear the angels' song.

O HAPPY CHRISTMAS DAYS OF OLD

O happy Christmas days of old,
  When chimes rang out across the snow
That lay its crust on wood and wold,
  On hills above, on fields below.

O happy Christmas days of old,
  When carols clear by children sung
Awoke the starlit evening cold
  And through the silent hamlet rung.

O happy Christmas days of old,
  When holly from the rafters fell,
And bells in moss-grown towers tolled
  The midnight hymn men loved so well.

O happy Christmas days of old,
  When every castle far and near
Its stern portcullis upward rolled
  And welcomed all who came with cheer.

O happy Christmas days of old,
  When poorest beggars ate their fill,
When for the time the meek grew bold,
  And everywhere was right good will.

O happy Christmas days of old
When yule logs burned and flames leaped high,
And round the hearth good people told,
Tales of the Christ's nativity.

O happy, happy night of old,
When, ere the world's first Christmas morn,
Kings of the East brought gifts of gold
To lay before the newly-born.

O happy Christmas days of old,
O night that gladdened all below,
Let your sweet spirit us enfold,
Till perfect Christmas joys we know!

I KNOW A VAST CATHEDRAL

I know a vast Cathedral,
With sculptured walls and high,
And windows dight with every light
That decks the sunset sky;
And towers enwrapped with ivy,
And bells forever glad,
That peal and peal a future weal
To man, oppressed and sad.

I know a vast Cathedral,
Outside, a thing of grace,
But loveliness none can express
In its interior space;
It is the Christ's Religion,
And he that enters there
Finds truth long sealed at last revealed —
Aye, Heaven itself laid bare.

Its central tower is Christmas,
And thence melodious chimes
Each year ring out the death of doubt,
The strifes of ancient times;
Ring in with exultation
The truth men fail to see,
That following right brings truest might,
That love gives liberty.

Best faith of all the ages,
  Great temple, ivy-grown,
With windows dight with every light
  That decks the Eternal Throne,
Down from thy central tower,
  Let Heaven's sweet chimes today
Ring loud and fast, till men at last
  Keep well God's Christmas Day.

THEY TELL US ONLY RUSTIC SHEPHERDS HEARD

"Such music (as 'tis said)
Before was never made,
But when of old the sons of morning sung."
— MILTON

They tell us only rustic shepherds heard
The song of angel choirs, in Palestine,
That strange, momentous night of Jesus' birth,
The song that welcomed in the great new born —
A few rude men, whose brows had never worn
The poorest honors people prize on earth
And grasp so greedily and think so fine;
To them alone was hymned God's gracious Word.

In every age that song is oftenest heard
By natural men, who shun ambition's strife,
Who would be happy wandering o'er the plain
With only trees and flowers and singing birds and sheep;
Who work for daily bread, and never weep
Save with real sorrow or for genuine pain.
To such, in western as in orient life,
God's angels love to hymn His gracious Word.

CHRISTMAS PROPHECY

Silvery-bearded, bent, and gray,
The Old Year passeth swift away,
Yet the ringers he keeps in his belfry tower
Peal no dirge for his waning power.

He is bidding them ring so joyously,
Can the Year of his end forgetful be?
"Ah, no," he says, "I am old and worn
But the young Christ-life today is born;

"I have led the world to its Christmas-tide,
I have opened the door of Heaven wide,
And bells of the ages hung on high
Are chiming out God's charity.

"O welcome, then, the Bethlehem Boy,
Sing at his cradle songs of joy,
Wreathe for his altars holly red,
For the shames of earth at last are dead."

WISE MEN FROM THE ORIENT CAME

Wise men from the Orient came
To the manger where Christ lay,
Knelt with gladness, not with shame,
By the baby's bed of hay.

Ermine robes and quilts of down
Are the right of infant kings,
Only one poor mantle brown
O'er her child sweet Mary flings;

Can so mean a cradle hide
What these Eastern Magi seek?
Ah, the heart forgets its pride
When the intellect is meek;

They have striven in many lands
To supply their famished souls,
Crossed, perhaps, Arabia's sands,
Wandered sadly toward the poles,

But success their search has crowned
Not till, tired and travel-worn,
They have learned that Truth is found
Oftenest in a manger born.

So we wander blind and poor,
Hungry-hearted, sick with sin,
Till at last some humble door
Of God's mystery shuts us in;

Stables then like castles are,
Lowly men like princes born,
Glad are we when any star
Heralds any Christmas morn.

PREPARATION

Who does not love the tranquil mystery
Of twilight, when the day is almost spent;
Who welcomes not the sacred Sundays three
That usher in the sober fast of Lent!

One calls to temperance and self-control
And bids us yield whatever clogs or maims,
That we may win in contests of the soul
As strong Greek youths won in the Olympian games;

One shows Truth's tender seeds, in soft embrace
Of fertile soil spring up to leaf and flower;
Or, unbedewed by love, unsunned by grace,
Fail in unfriendly earth for want of power.

One points to where, securely throned on high
Above moralities, howe'er divine,
Sits god-like Love, pure-minded Charity,
And makes us gladly worship at her shrine;

All pave the way pressed long by Christian feet
From natural joy to that delightful shade
Where purple penitential flowers grow sweet,
And perfume all the air, and never fade.

O calm pre-Lenten days, your lessons deep
We would be taught; so God should give us mirth
For mourning, wake our souls from sluggish sleep,
And help us walk in heaven while yet on earth.

THE LENTENTIDE

What have we done that we should seek
This Lenten-tide to be forgiven?
Our lips have never dared to speak
Reproach or calumny of Heaven!
Yet to the Lenten-tide belongs
Repentance for some secret wrongs.

What need have we for such distress?
Our hands have never robbed the poor,
We have not spurned in bitterness,
The trembling feet that sought our door;
And yet the Lenten-tide is meant
For men with spirits penitent.

What have we done? Our memories tell
Of scorn, impurity, and hate,
Of pride we have not sought to quell,
Of duty's promptings bidden to wait —
Ah Heaven! that we should have such pride
To sorrow for at Lenten-tide.

What have we done? Our narrow thought
Has limited the Love divine,
And all the flood of truth has sought
In human channels to confine;

The Truth of God, so free and wide,
Condemns us at the Lenten-tide.

The web of life is spun apace,
And many threads are gay and bright,
But some to give the pattern grace
Must bear the impress of the night,
No weaver's hand may cast aside
The dark threads of the Lenten-tide.

LENTEN HOPE

Through all the world's dark Lenten days
  Some Easter songs keep ringing,
No age so hopeless but its ways
  Are cheered by distant singing,

No time so wintry but it keeps
  Some seeds of bloom and brightness;
No chaff so worthless but there sleeps
  Some good grain in its lightness,

No spirit in such hopeless gloom
  That through the walls of feeling
God's sunlight to its darkest room
  Comes not, swift moments, stealing.

These shadowy, purple days of Lent,
  So steeped in present sorrow,
Have promise full, of soul-content
  On Easter's glorious morrow;

Have presage that mankind shall wake,
  When earth's day-dream is ended,
In lands where cloud and stream and lake
  In perfect grace are blended.

They keep a golden silence still,
'Tis true, that saints or sages
Shall never penetrate until
The sunset of the ages,

But through all sombre Lenten-tides
Such hopeful strains keep ringing,
Our hearts are sure that somewhere hides
A world of quenchless singing.

THE INNER COURT

"Tarry ye here!" the Saviour said
And to the deeper shade withdrew
Of that dark spot near Kedron's bed
Where high, o'er-arching olives grew.

"Tarry ye here!" nor friend, nor foe
Must on this dreadful hour intrude,
My soul must face its bitterest woe
In silence and in solitude.

"Tarry ye here!" for I alone
Must enter dark Gethsemane,
No ear but God's must list my moan,
Though ye without may watch with me."

"Tarry ye here," each sufferer says,
"Pain's common portals open wide,
But sorrow has mysterious ways
Where even from you my soul must hide.

"Wait till the purple shadows spun
About my grief's Gethsemane
Have thinned a little in the sun
That never long obscured can be;

"Stay till the spirit, dumb with pain,
  Has spent its inarticulate cry,
And faith so parched has drunk the rain
  Of God's compassion from the sky."

"Tarry ye here," the Saviour said,
  And into deeper shade withdrew,
Then to the soul uncomforted
  Heaven's chiefest white-winged angels flew.

WHITE FESTIVAL OF EASTER

White Festival of Easter
  Triumphant day of days,
The light of hope enkindling
  Beside our lifeless ways,

'Tis right that regal lilies
  About thy form should fling
The richest incense-odours
  Mixed by the magic spring;

For thou hast all the beauty
  Born of unsightly clay,
In nature's garden lavished
  Since Time began her sway,

And thou hast all the glory,
  In face and voice and mien,
Of every moral conquest
  Man's struggling life has seen,

And thou hast all the promise
  Of golden years to come,
When earth's imperfect prattle
  And clamorous cry are dumb,

When Truth's uncertain glimmer
  Clear light has come to be,
And strong, sweet tides of reason
  Have swept humanity.

White Festival of Easter,
  Thou sham'st the earth-born dream
That darkness is eternal
  And pain and loss supreme,

A better faith thou bearest,
  Belief from heaven that springs,
That death is only progress,
  And life the goal of things.

Thy tale of resurrection
  Is but the sacred seal
Affixed to nature's promise
  Of endless future weal,

And we who oft despairing,
  Long Lenten days have wept,
With songs of satisfaction
  This lofty faith accept,

And bid thy strong, pure sceptre,
  Triumphant Queen of days,
White Festival of Easter,
  Rule all our wandering ways.

O EASTER QUEEN

O Easter, queen of all the days
  That wear the Church's crown,
Upon our troubled human ways
  Thy calm, fair face looks down,

Thou cam'st this morning thro' the fields
  And spoke some magic word,
And all the plain that harvest yields
  With pulsing life was stirred;

The hyacinth and tulip gay
  About thy pathway pressed,
But golden-petaled lilies lay
  In triumph on thy breast;

The messenger of death stooped low
  To kiss thy conquering feet,
Life, trembling, seemed at last to know
  Her victory complete.

Thou camest to the sleeping town
  To where the mourner lay,
And joy rose from her prison brown
  And rolled the stone away.

Thou hast the healing balm to mend
The spirit hurt with fear,
It is thy gift new strength to lend
To us who languish here.

O Easter, queen of all the days
That wear the Church's crown,
Upon our troubled human ways
Forevermore look down!

EASTER FLOWERS

They speak deep truths, these lilies dumb,
  Whose waxen forms our altars hide,
Fresh from Bermudian gardens come
  To help us keep our Easter-tide.

They rouse our slumbering minds to think,
  These timid, trembling crocus blooms,
In blue and lavender and pink,
  From Nature's daintiest colour-looms.

The regal tulips flaunting fair
  In gorgeous robes of red and gold,
Through parks and gardens everywhere,
  What thoughts their broidered bosoms hold;

We read their minds and glimpses get
  That fill us with mysterious joy,
Of worlds where perfect words are set
  To melodies that never cloy,

Of marsh-lands welcoming every day
  Ecstatic tides that surge and sweep
From that divine, unfathomed bay,
  The source of soul-perfection, deep,

Of fields beyond the doors of death,
  O'er-arched by skies of lovelier blue
And rich with buds of sweeter breath
  Than Indian islands ever knew.

O shadowy lanes through which we pass,
  To mellow noon or purple night,
With springing step, or slow, alas!
  The days too quickly taking flight,

Let all your measuring mile-stones be
  Swathed in the flowers whose petals hide
Thoughts deep as God's eternity,
  Truths angels tell at Easter-tide.

ALL THE SULLEN SORROW OF THE NATIONS

All the sullen sorrow of the nations,
  All the heavy weight of earth's decay,
Cannot crush the faith that newly quickens
  In the spirit, every Easter Day.

Never lay the pall of error darklier
  On men's shackled souls than now it lies,
Through the vault of this late age are echoing
  All the old despairing plaints and cries.

Knowledge twists and spins with subtle fingers
  Threads of gold for our immortal gain,
In the complex looms of human progress
  We still weave them into webs of pain.

Yet the world persistent keeps believing
  Pain has not an end in painless clay,
And we hear its hearty creed-confessing
  In the hopeful hymns it sings today.

Death is not, but only resurrection,
  Graves of all dead joys fly open wide,
Quivering souls burst free from final fetters —
  This, man's vision at the Easter-tide.

Cling then, brothers, to the lofty promise
  Of a life superior to decay,
Uttered by the earth in Spring's awakening,
  Voiced by the glad rites of Easter Day;

Go in peace, God mocks not man's believing
  With mirage or fleeting phantasy,
Faith like ours is knowledge to our kindred
  In those worlds where fettered minds are free.

EASTERTIDE

Hail, Ancient Eastertide that drew
  The nations to thy shrine,
Thou who wert born when man first knew
  The thrall of Spring divine;

Thou hast the fragrance of all flowers
  That fill hope's garden wide,
And clusters that enrich her bowers,
  O blessed Eastertide.

The mirrors of earth's banquet hall
  Reflect thy glittering rays,
Thou art the fairest pearl in all
  Her diadem of days.

The pattern of the time is cold,
  The weavers weave in gloom,
Unseen, thou windest threads of gold
  Into the busy loom.

The dark-robed angel as he flies
  The shores of life beside,
Hearing thy god-like message cries
  "Victorious Eastertide!"

O Easter, lift thy beacon higher
  Above us as we grope,
Thy lantern lighted at the fire
  Of the world's larger hope;

In answering love, to all who love
  The Church's hallowed ways,
Come with thy message from above
  For our despondent days.

AT LAST WITH SOFT MAGNOLIA BLOOMS

At last with soft magnolia blooms
  The southern woods are fair,
And jasmines add their rich perfumes
  To the delicious air.

At last the less luxuriant north
  Wakes from its torpid spell,
And tender living things creep forth
  Into the sunshine's swell.

Dark Lenten shades again dissolve
  In glorious Easter light,
And faith awakes with high resolve
  From penitential night.

All life is born, in these low spheres,
  From other life's decay,
Some sombre night of tears or fears
  Begets each golden day,

And though we walk with eyes too blind
  To what such things declare,
Conviction deep sways every mind
  That in some world more fair,

When death has worked its icy will
  Upon the summer's cheer
And all the lust of life lies still
  Upon its iron bier,

Soft Springs and Easter-tides shall break
  With light supremely fair,
And every sleeping thing awake
  In the delicious air.

THE CONQUERING LIFE

The gentle slopes of Olivet were green,
And oleanders censed the passers by,
And fronded palms lent grandeur to the scene
As the victorious Lord went up on high.

On rugged mountain tops where rocks were strown,
And o'er rough roads, his feet had often strayed,
Last, in Gethsemane's deep shades, alone,
The stricken, sorrowing Christ had knelt and prayed;

Now death itself was past, and he, a king,
Midst angel guards assumed his primal power;
O sleeping sons of men, awake and sing,
This is not his but your triumphal hour!

He broke from Joseph's tomb that ye might break
From all the graves that bar your souls from day,
He drank anew life's cup that ye might take
Unstinted draughts of Heaven along the way;

He rose to higher worlds that ye might rise
From earth-born doubts and tombs of low desire,
'Twas your redemption song that filled the skies
When he was met by all the angel choir.

O Risen Christ, we never trod with thee
  Judean fields, where scarlet lilies flower,
Nor with the silent group near Bethany
  Stood wondering, at thy great ascension hour,

Yet in thy conquering life we have a share,
  Thy pity and thy peace to us belong;
The crowns thou wearest we thy followers wear,
  The sceptred strength thou wieldest makes us strong.

O SPIRIT FROM THE ETERNAL DEEP

O spirit from the Eternal Deep,
  Who camest once with wind and fire
To wake the world from sensual sleep,
  And rouse the Church to strong desire,

Thy subtle influence sways the race
  To virile thought and virtuous deed,
Thou hast no narrow resting-place
  In commonwealth, or church, or creed;

Through many a crowd since Pentecost
  Thy influence unperceived has crept,
On souls the church accounted lost
  Thy clear, ecstatic flame has leapt.

Thou art the rich, luxuriant mould
  Wherein our best deeds germinate,
Thine was the power of sculptors old
  Their shapeliest statues to create,

By thee the vast cathedrals rose,
  And heavenly music came to birth,
Thy rich perfection overflows
  In all the beauty of the earth.

Thy voice is heard in every sigh
  Of the soft-swaying forest trees,
Thine is the unjarring melody
  That greets us in the summer breeze,

We hear thy heart-beats in the shade
  And silence of the forest dim,
Thou art in all the flowers that braid
  With blue and gold the river's brim;

The firmament thy mind reveals,
  The unchanging orbs, the spaces wide,
The splendid crimson fire that steals
  Into the west at eventide.

'Tis thou that from the eternal deep,
  With noiseless call, with wind and fire,
When we are sunk in sensual sleep
  Awakenest us to strong desire,

And on the hearth where once of old
  Love burned, then flickered, then was lost,
Reviv'st amidst the ashes cold
  The inspiring flame of Pentecost.

GOD'S MANIFOLDNESS

O doctrine deep, of the ages, O creed of the inmost soul,
Confessed wherever man craves for light, from Tropic sun to pole,
Thou wert not wrought in the workshop of cold scholastic brain,
Nor brought to birth like lesser creeds in intellectual pain,
Thou wert born when the wings of the Spirit brooded the soundless sea
And quickened the atoms primal to wondrous potency,
Thou wert forged when the worlds chaotic, inclosed in the fiery sun,
Were thrown from the central system and order was begun,
Thou wert shaped when God in his power said light at last should be;
Then shed thy light on our darkness, O Truth of Trinity.

We peer through the cruel spaces with orphaned worlds alive,
We look at the sentient kingdoms, where none but the strong survive,

And the faith we are bidden to cherish seems only a
mocking light,
And we feel like timid children left alone in the night,
But thou art a voice to tell us a father's love is shown
In every act creative since Chaos was o'erthrown,
Thou sayest that high in heaven sits not a loveless God,
But one who comes with yearning to kiss the meanest
clod;
Then we pray that our hearts forever held close to his
heart shall be,
And cling to the creed that saves us, the Truth of
Trinity.

We are tired of earth's oppressions, we are sick of its
greed of gold,
The wrongs that are waged in the darkness, the crimes
that the days unfold,
We look for the signs of sonhood in the race divinely
made,
But the signs grow faint and fainter, and at last we feel
afraid
That man is an engine only, set like a watch for a day,
A deft work done in the light of the sun, a sculptured
form of clay —
Till we turn to the First-begotten and find that he came
to tell
That man, who is God's creation, is God's own child
as well;
Then we pray that the mind of the Father in his sons
fulfilled may be,
And rest with hope firm-founded on the Truth of Trinity.

The life in the woods in spring-time, when the sap runs
free and warm,
The might of the oak, or cedar, that breasts the winter
storm,
The joy that swells and burgeons in the fertile breast
of the earth
As it brings the crocus and tulip and blushing rose to
birth,
Are all from the same full fountain where the faith of
man is fed,
Where feeble souls are strengthened and sad souls com-
forted —
'Tis the life of a Personal Power that moves in all that
is seen,
That makes the blind earth blossom, and keeps man's
courage green;
O God of the worlds, unmeasured our longing is for thee,
To loftier heights uplift us through thine own Trinity!

MY PUREST LONGINGS SPRING

My purest longings spring
  From the divine,
The sweetest songs I sing
  They are not mine,

I chisel the rude stone
  With feverish hand,
The statue comes alone
  At God's command.

Beyond earth's tainted air
  I sometimes fly
On wings of faith and prayer;
  Yet 'tis not I.

Not I but He enlights
  My flickering creeds,
Not I but He unites
  My shattered deeds;

Not I but God, for He,
  My larger life,
Fulfils Himself in me
  With ceaseless strife.

O LOVE DIVINE

O Love Divine, that circlest all
  Our little seas of strife,
So might I feel thy tender thrall
  Upon my wayward life,

The restless tides of ocean creep
  Into the sheltered bays,
Thy tides through all my being sweep
  And fill its water-ways.

O Love Divine, pure sea of light
  About a sea of sin,
Thy blessed radiance tonight
  Folds all my darkness in,

And soothes to peace the unquiet shore
  Where angry waves have lain,
And spreads a silver mantle o'er
  The unsightly rocks of pain,

And stills the moaning of the storm
  I thought could not be stayed,
And shames the doubt whose shadowy form
  Kept mocking as I prayed.

O Love Divine, that circlest all
  Our little seas of strife,
Forever in thy rapturous thrall
  Enfold my wayward life!

SINAI AND THE PLAIN

When Moses left the sacred mount,
  Enraptured with the voice of God,
His peace was like a living fount
  That bursts from the incrusting sod,

The dazzling radiance round his brow
  Bore witness to the Spirit's fire,
Nor did his ecstasy allow
  Of worldly thought or weak desire.

He saw the tents of Israel
  Thick on the plain at Sinai's base,
Like white-winged, nestling doves, that dwell
  In shelter of some holy place,

And as the winding path he trod,
  From barren crag to verdant slope,
He felt himself the priest of God,
  The inspired minister of hope.

Here Heaven tunes, it is her way,
  The heart to holiest harmonies
And then lets earth's rude fingers play
  Discordant strains upon the keys —

A glittering idol god, upreared
  Against Jehovah's sovereign law,
A god by sensual Pharaohs feared,
  With angry eyes the prophet saw;

He dashed the hallowed stones away
  God's hand had graven on Sinai's height,
And while their fragments round him lay
  He passed into the gloom of night.

O Spirit, calm, of truth and power,
  Give us thy courage on our way,
In every weak, despondent hour
  Visit our trembling faith and say:

"Not thus forever shall the soul
  From radiant peaks of faith be hurled,
Truth's steady tide shall sometime roll
  Into the worship of the world,

"And men shall scorn idolatries,
  And reverent wait at Sinai's base
Till he appears whose favoured eyes
  Have seen Jehovah face to face."

HE UNDERSTANDS

When we have come with all our faults and fears
Into the presence chamber of the King
I do not think we shall recount the years
That now seem scarred so deep with suffering;

I do not think that He will give us time
To scourge our souls because we were so vile,
But only look at us and make us climb
Into high heaven upon his loving smile.

When all life's passion clouds have burned away
And we have looked at last upon the Sun
I think we shall not bow our heads and stay
Mourning the victories we might have won,

But be caught up so quick above our fears
That we shall lose the words we meant to say
About our fierce temptations, and the tears
Of weak regret we shed along our way,

And rest like little children at the side
Of Him who leads us up to those high lands,
Lost in his life, forever satisfied,
Since He misjudges not, but understands.

THY PRIEST

When at early morn I stand
  Humble at the Altar Feast,
Breaking bread at thy command,
  Then I know I am thy Priest.

When thou showest I have turned
  Some blind spirit towards the east
Who for sunlight long has yearned,
  Then I know I am thy Priest.

When thou let'st me soothe a pain
  Others, probing, have increased,
Then 'tis clear that not in vain
  I have been ordained thy Priest.

Make me anxious, Lord, to be
  Helpful to the very least
Child of weak humanity,
  This will prove I am thy Priest.

To some altar every day
  Where the flame of hope has ceased
Point, O Christ, my feet the way,
  Gladly there will go thy Priest.

PRAY FOR THE DEAD

Pray for the dead, who bids thee not,
  Is human kinship, then, so frail
That those we love can be forgot
  When they have passed within the veil?

Has God released the old, sweet ties
  He took such loving pains to weld,
And said: "Henceforth their memories
  In prayerless silence must be held?"

Have they no triumphs yet to win,
  No toilsome heights of truth to climb,
Does no strange syllable of sin
  Mar the soft cadence of their rhyme?

Pray for the dead, the links that bound
  Thy soul to theirs were forged on high,
Borne upward they have surely found
  The chain firm fastened in the sky;

And they have found that there as here
  Thou gavest them strength the roads to run
That end in gateways opening clear
  On friendlier fields beyond the sun,

And they have watched thy winding ways
  And helped thee many a load to bear,
And in thy dark, despondent days
  Have stretched for thee strong hands of prayer.

Pray for the dead nor cease thy prayer,
  Though holier they not yet are free
To climb to those great uplands fair
  Where only perfect souls may be.

Pray for the dead, it is thy right
  To leap in faith the shadowy bars
That shut thee still to orbs of night,
  And keep them safe in golden stars.

REABSORPTION INTO DEITY

"Having obtained tranquillity one is not troubled; and remaining in it, even at the time of death, he passes on to extinction in the Supreme Spirit." — *Bhagavad Gita.*

With undimmed eye
I listen to the wisdom old which saith
Man shall be reabsorbed in God at death;
The human spirit is a deep-drawn breath
Of Him on high.

No living thing
Save man, has ever dreamed of higher spheres
Wherein to taste delights the fleeting years
Have here denied, or balance this world's fears
And suffering.

Sad hearts that pray,
Soft petaled, crimson flowers that bloom and fade,
Trees that grow sturdier in storm and shade,
Begotten are they all of God, not made
Like cups of clay.

Why have we right
To some chief boon of immortality
Not given our brothers of the wood and sky:
Strong beasts, soft-fluttering, winged birds that fly
From light to light?

Then let me go
Into the great hereafter joyously,
To live, yet not to live apart from thee;
From thy great life the life now lent to me
No more to flow.

The Ocean vast
Has need of all his wayward waves and streams,
The Central Sun has need of all his beams;
It is full time these strange, fantastic dreams
Of mine were past.

I turn to thee,
O thou great Father, Universal Soul,
Unheeding nature's myriad bells that toll
Dead things; since all life's rivers roll
Back to their sea.

Ah, what can be
So grand for nature or for man, what fate
So lofty, as to sweep in solemn state
At evening, back through a wide open gate
To Deity!

THE ANCIENT GODS ARE DEAD

The ancient gods are dead!
Jove rules no longer o'er the Olympian plain,
Old ocean waits for Neptune's word in vain,
Apollo tunes no more his golden lyre,
Vesuvius trembles not with Vulcan's fire,
Mars captains not the armies of the world,
The sooty flag of Acheron is furled
And hell's grim guardian fled.

The ancient gods are dead!
Valhalla's kingly halls are vacant now,
Where Thor, the mighty thunderer, from his brow
Shot lightnings fearful toward the trembling earth,
And Odin held rude wassail, and wild mirth
Echoed from roof to roof, as went the feast,
Until the day dawned and the dazzling east
Made radiant Baldur's head.

The ancient gods are dead!
The world's great fanes re-echo sounds of prayer
But bleeding victims are not offered there,
No Roman despot sits on heaven's high throne,
Earth's law his arbitrary will alone,
The flower-decked sod hears not his fell command
To enrich itself by carnage; through the land
The hosts of peace are spread.

The ancient gods are dead!
No Roman despot sits on heaven's throne
Dispensing judgments by his will alone;
Bids some ascend to heaven, some sink to hell,
In arbitrary bliss or woe to dwell.
The true God asks no sacrifice of blood,
Nor nails His victims to the cruel wood
In others' guilty stead.

The ancient gods are dead!
Law rules majestic in the courts above,
And has no moods, but hand in hand with love,
Sweeps thro' the universe, and smiling sees
The spheres obedient to her vast decrees.
Proclaims all men, not slaves, but sons of God,
And breathes the message of His Fatherhood;
The true God is not dead.

O GOD OF POWER

"From the first *Power* was I knew,
Strive for a closer view
Love was as plain to see."

O God of Power, can'st thou be God of Love
When all thy children vainly cry for light,
Their natural heritage, and long to prove
What lies beyond our dark, swift-coming night?

O God of Power, can'st thou be Pity's source
With myriads of thy sons immured in pain,
Without the power to run a manful course,
Or take even few steps but to fall again?

O God of Power, is't not thy primal word
That through the universe hast made each life
The foe of other life, beast, insect, bird,
And so creation filled with murderous strife?

O God of Power, can'st thou hate cruelty
When at thy will earth's dreadful wars might cease,
And every shameful superstition be
Swept from the path of righteousness and peace?

O God of Power, can'st thou be really kind
When children come unwanted to the world,
Nor tender love nor any straight path find,
And in the end to moral hells are hurled?

Can I be sure, O God, of current creeds
That tell thou markest even the sparrow's fall,
Caring much more for man's insistent needs,
When loss and Sorrow cramp the lives of all?

How can I live content, whatever good
Thou send'st my way when quivering beast and bird,
Dear friends of mine, are slain to yield me food,
Their fears unnoticed and their cries unheard!

Give me more light, O God, that I may know
How to walk hopeful in the way I tread,
The tangled way of thought, before I go
Into the land of those we call the dead.

IF CHRIST WERE HERE

If Christ were with us in this restless age,
Where light and shade so strangely intermix,
To all the woeful clash of work and wage,
The complex questionings that minds engage,
Men's strifes, could he the meanings true affix?
To any of the sullen, sickening waves
Of doubt and death that cross our social seas
Could he speak peace? From deep-dug, dreamless graves,
Where silken-shrouded lie the world's dead slaves,
Could he call back men slain by lust and ease?
O, Master, while we long for thee, and hold
Thy love a mantle where our hearts might fold
Their aches, we fear that even thou shouldst see
The problems of the age too deep for thee.

A DREAM OF CHRIST

I

I dreamed that Christ was here, and, as of old,
The people cried "Jesus is going by";
And I, knowing his time had come to die,
Made eager move his passing steps to hold.
"In one short hour he will be back," they said,
So, waiting, I began to wonder how
I should receive him, whether I should bow
Low at his feet, nor dare to lift my head,
Or, as a man, with human feeling strong,
Meeting his fellow man, gives him his hand
And says, "Brother," or "Master, I have long
Waited the day before you close to stand;"
I might, at last, unhindered see and feel
The truth about the Christ to whom men kneel.

II

Decision quick took shape within my mind
To greet the Saviour in a manful way,
To look into his deep, soft eyes and say,
"Master, thou knowest truth is hard to find,
The wisest men are blind and lead the blind;
Tell us hast thou indeed more light than they?
And he, I thought, a man sincere and kind,
Will put aside all strangeness, and obey

My wish, and I, at last, shall know what he
Believes, and what the grounds of his faith are.
So, with a sweet sense of expectancy,
As for my dearest friend, I watched afar
His coming; but at length I woke alone,
When all my hope of finding truth was gone.

SOMETIME

Sometime, sometime,
The clouds of ignorance shall part asunder,
And we shall see the fair, blue sky of truth
Spangled with stars, and look with joy and wonder
Up to the happy dream-lands of our youth,
And thither climb.

Sometime, sometime,
The passion of the heart we keep dissembling
Shall free herself, and rise on silver wing,
And all ungathered chords of music, trembling
Deep in the soul, our lips shall learn to sing,
A strain sublime.

Sometime, sometime,
Love's broken links shall all be reunited,
But not upon the ashy forge of pain;
The full-blown roses dead, the sweet buds blighted
Shall bloom beside life's garden walks again,
In fairer clime.

Sometime, sometime,
The prophet's unsealed lips shall straight deliver
The message of eternal life uncursed;
Wind-swept, the poet's heaven-tuned soul shall quiver,
And from his trembling lyre at length shall burst
Immortal rhyme.

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